The MAN's bewitch'd;

OR,

The Devil to do about HER.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

NEW-THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET;

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by SUSANNA CENT-LIVRE.

DUBLIN:

Printed by J. JONES,

For GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible* in *Dame's-ſtreet*, MDCCXXXVII.

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To His GRACE

WILLIAM

Duke of *Devonſhire*;

Lord Steward of her Majeſty's Houſhold, Lord Chief Juſtice in *Eyre* North of *Trent*, Lord Lieutenant of the County of *Derby*; and One of Her Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council, *&c.*

May it pleaſe Your GRACE,

THE Muſes were ever ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed, by ſhrouding themſelves under the Patronage of the greateſt Men in all Ages; not made ſo by Titles or Preferment; but ſuch whoſe innate Principles of Honour, truly ſupported thoſe their Prince had crown'd them with. From hence ſprung my Preſumption of laying the following Scenes at your Grace's Feet; ſince the World muſt allow, that all thoſe Virtues, which compleat a perfect good, as well as great Man, are centered in the Duke of *Devonſhire*; the loyalleſt Subject, the tendereſt Huſband, and the kindeſt Maſter, that ever Monarch, Wife, or Servant had; Brilliant

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Graces, but such as do not shine in every Man of Quality. From such Patriots, what may not *Britain* hope? Nay, what might not she command, were all her Sons as fervent for her Interest, and discharg'd their respective Trusts with that Fidelity, and due regard to the publick Good, as Your Grace has ever done in yours; Then the hated Name of Faction would be heard no more, and the scandalous Wounds of hot-headed Parties heal'd; which is the only way to secure this Island from foreign Insults, and establish Peace more firmly, than Armies, tho' vast as *Xerxes* led can do.

To attempt Your Grace's Character, is the superiour Business of a Masculine Pen, and not to be reached by mine: But since my Husband has the Honour to serve her Majesty, under the Command of your Grace, as he did the late King of Glorious Memory, under that of your noble Father; I could not be prevail'd upon to alter my Resolution, of prefixing Your Grace's Name in the Front of this Poem, at once to shew my Gratitude, and my Ambition: And if when Your Grace's Mind is unbended from the Care and Business of the State, it finds the Way in some leisure Hour to divert your Grace, and the Author meet your Pardon for this Liberty, my Wishes are all answered; as I hope my Prayers will be, that your Grace may enjoy a perfect Health, free from Pain in mind, and Body; and see as many flourishing happy new Years, as your best and dearest Friends can desire; and every one add fresh Honours to those that are so deservedly worn by Your Grace at present: which are the earnest Wishes of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient, and

Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

Susanna Cent-Livre.

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THE PREFACE.

I Shou'd not have troubled my courteous Reader with a Preface, had I not lain under the Neceſſity of clearing my ſelf of what ſome People have been pleaſed to charge me with, viz. of being the Author of a Paper called, The Female Tatler, conſequently of a Paragraph in that of the 4th Inſtant, relating to this Comedy; tho' I think no reaſonable Perſon will believe I could be guilty of ſo much Folly. Tho' Vanity is ſaid to be the darling Vice of Womankind, yet nothing but an Ideot would expreſs themſelves ſo openly; and I hope the World won't think me guilty of Printing, what I muſt bluſh to read, nor imagine it wrote even by any Friend of mine, for two Reaſons; Firſt, the Groſſneſs of the Flattery; Secondly, the Injury it muſt of Courſe do me, in the Run of my Play, by putting thoſe People out of Humour, whoſe Action was to give Light to the Piece. I ſuppoſe theſe Reaſons are ſufficient to convince the Judicious Part, that I was no ways concerned in thoſe Reflections, but own I was treated with all the ſeeming Civility in the World, till the ſecond Night of my Comedy. I willingly ſubmitted to Mr. Cibber's ſuperiour Judgment in ſhortning the Scene of the Ghoſt in the laſt Act, and believed him perfectly in the Right, becauſe too much Repetition is tireſome. Indeed when Mr. Eſtcourt ſliced moſt of it out, I could not help interpoſing my Deſires to the contrary, which the reſt readily complied with; and I had the Satisfaction to ſee I was not deceived in my Opinion, of its pleaſing. This Paſſage I happen'd to mention among my Acquaintance; for 'tis natural to have a kind of a Tender for our own Productions, but eſpecially if they have the good Fortune to divert others. Now, if from this the Author of the Tatler gather'd his Account, I am Guilty of ſpeaking, but not deſignedly; for who they are that writ that Paper, or how diſtinguiſhed, I am perfectly ignorant, and declare I never

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was concerned, either in writing or publishing any of the Tatlers.

I never had the Vanity to think, much less to publish, that any thing I am capable of doing, could support the Stage, tho' I have had the good Fortune to please, or to find the Town willing to be pleased; tho' at present, it seems, a certain Author has entered a Caveat against all Plays running to a sixth Night, but his own. Tho' an Opera interfer'd with this Comedy, yet it brought above Forty Pounds the second Night; which shew'd it had some Merit; for I have known a Play kept up, that fail'd of half that Money the second Night. Now by the Rules of the House, it ought to have been play'd on: But who can secure the Life of a Play, when that of a Man is often sacrificed to the Malice of Parties? This Play met with a kind Reception in general; and notwithstanding the Disadvantages it had to struggle with, by raising the Prices the first Day, and the nearness of Christmas, *it would have made its way to a sixth Night, if it had had fair Play. Mistake me not, I do not mean from the Representation; for I must do the Players Reason: Had I searched all the Theatres in the World, I could not have selected a better Company, nor had more Justice done me in the Action, tho' they have not dealt honourably by me in my Bargain; for they ought not to have stop'd the Run, upon any Pique whatever. 'Tis small Encouragement to write for the Stage, when the Actors, according to the Caprice of their Humours, maugre the Taste of the Town, have Power to sink the Reputation of a Play; for if they resolve not to act it, the Town can't support it.*

Well, if there is any Merit in suffering wrongfully, I shall find my Acconnt in't one time or other; in the mean while I intreat the Female Tatler *to be witty no more at my Expence. I desire I may not be rank'd in the Number of those that support the Stage, since the Stage is become a Noun Substantive, and resolves to shew it is able to stand by it self.*

PRO-

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PROLOGUE

By a GENTLEMAN.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

OUR Female Author trembling ſtands within,
Her Fear ariſes from another's Sin;
One of her Sex has ſo abus'd the Town,
That on her Score ſhe dreads your Angry frown:
Tho' I dare ſay poor Soul ſhe never writ
Lampoon, or Satyr on the Box or Pit;
A harmleſs hum'rous Play is her Extent of Wit.
Tho' Bickerſtaff's *vaſt Genius may engage,*
And laſh the Vice and Follies of the Age;
Why ſhou'd tender Delia *tax the Nation;*
Stickle, and make a Noiſe for Reformation,
Who always gave a Looſe herſelf, to Inclination?
Scandal and Satyr's thrown aſide to Day,
And Humour the ſole Buſineſs of our Play.
Beaux may dreſs on to catch the Ladies Hearts,
And good Aſſurance paſs for mighty Parts:
The Citts may bring their Spouſes without Fear,
We ſhew no Wife that's poaching for an Heir,
Nor teach the Uſe of fine Gauſe Handkerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty Wonders,
And Jilts ſet up——for twenty thouſand Pounders.
Our Author, even tho' ſhe knows full well,
Is ſo good natur'd, ſhe forbears to tell
What Colonels, lately have found out the Knack
To Muſter Madam, ſtill, by Ned, *or* Jack,
To keep their Pleaſures up a Frugal way,
They give her——Subaltern's Subſiſtance for her Pay.
In ſhort, whate'er your Darling Vices are,
They paſs untouch'd in this Night's Bill of Fare.
But if all this can't your Good-Nature Wake,
Tho' here and there, a Scene ſhould fail to take,
Yet ſpare her for the Buſie-Body's *ſake.*

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

(As performed in *Dublin*)

M E N.

Sir Jeffrey Conſtant, *Mr.* Beamſly.	*Father to Captain* Conſtant.
Captain Conſtant, *Mr.* Eſte.	*In Love with* Belinda.
Lovely, *Mr* Caſhel.	*Friend to Capt.* Conſtant.
Faithful, *Mr.* Elrington.	*A Gent. of Fortune, in Love with* Laura.
Sir David Watchum, *Mr.* Philips.	*Guardian to* Laura.
Truſty, *Mr.* Bourne.	*Steward to Sir* Jeffrey.
Num, *Mr.* Wetherilt.	*A Country Squire, in Love with* Belinda.
Slouch, *Mr.* C. Morgan.	*Servant to* Num.
Clinch, *Mr.* Morris,	*Servant to Captain* Conſtant.
Roger, *Mr.* Morgan.	*Farmer to Sir* Jeffrey.
Manage, *Mr.* Barrington.	*Servant to* Faithful.
Coachman,	
Sam———	
Another Servant.	

W O M E N.

Belinda, *Mrs.* Ravenſcroft.	*Suppos'd Daughter to* Truſty.
Laura, *Mrs.* Martin.	*An Heireſs in Love with* Faithful.
Maria, *Mrs.* Wetherilt.	*A Gentlewoman of Fortune.*
Dorothy, *Mrs.* Orfeur.	Belinda's *Maid.*
Lucy, *Mrs.* Morgan.	Laura's *Maid.*

SCENE, *the* Minſter-yard *in* Peterborough.
The Hour, Six in the Morning.

The

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The Man's bewitch'd;

OR,

The Devil to do about Her.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Miniſter-Yard in* Peterborough.

Enter Captain Conſtant, *and* Clinch *in Mourning, with Riding Habit over it.*

Capt. *Linch!* Where are you, Sirrah? Why don't you come along?

Clin. Ah! Pox of this riding Poſt——Look ye, Captain; if you have threeſcore Miles farther to go, I am your humble Servant.

Capt. No, Sirrah, I am at my Journey's end——This Town of *Peterborough* is the bound of all my Wiſhes.

Clin. Say you ſo, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

Capt. Why? What is your Wiſh?

Clin. Why, with Submiſſion, Sir, to know the reaſon of your Expedition, and Gravity of Habit: Have you a mind to ſet up the Buſineſs of an Undertaker here in the Country?

Conſt. No, *Clinch*, my Buſineſs is with the Living, not with the Dead, I'll aſſure you.

Clin. Then can't I for my Blood imagine why you are thus dreſs'd; your Father, nay, your whole Family are well; not ſo much as a Nephew, or ſecond Couſin dead;

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dead; nay, nor no fear of Peace.—Then why the Devil are we in black? You laugh——Can these Clothes cause Joy, without the Perquisite that belongs to it? 'Tis a mournful Equipage, and shocks my Soul, I am sure.

Const. Perquisite! Why what Perquisite does Mourning bring with it to cause Joy? ha!

Clin. Oh, Sir, several,—As when a Wife buries her Husband, she has Sorrow in one hand, and Joy in t'other; a short Widowhood cures such a Grief.—Or a rich Heir at the last Gasp of his Parent, when there is a Year's Rent in the Steward's hands——But, Sir, to the Point; either let me into the Secret, or discharge me.

Const. Ha, ha, ha! Why then if I must tell thee; this Habit, if Fortune favours me, will be worth to me Two thousand Pounds.

Clin. Say you so, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? For I am dress'd like you—If I have not the same Privileges, why should I be confin'd to the same Garb?

Const. Oh! you shall have your Part, *Clinch*, never fear.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but there are some Parts I don't care for—I hope you have no design to rob upon the Highway.

Const. Rascal!

Clin. Nay, ben't angry, Sir; if there should be Peace, 'tis what many an honest Gentleman must come to: I have no Aversion for the Name; but I have for the Punishment——I'll not strike a Stroke——therefore what good can I do you?

Const. Ha, ha, ha! I shall have more Occasion for your Eyes than your Arm——You can weep, Sirrah, can't you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, I shall weep, that's certain, to see you come to the Gallows——

Const. Ye Dog you, I tell you there is no danger.

Clin. No danger——Why then shall I weep for Joy, Sir.——But how, Sir, how; must I roar, or shed Tears?

Const. So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

Clin.

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Clin. Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting, I defy a Woman to outdo me in that.—Look ye Sir, you shall hear—hem, hem. [*Roars out.*

Const. Very well——be sure when I weep——

Clin. I'll make terrible Faces——What think you, Sir, is not my Pipe very musical for weeping?

Const. Oh! Excellent.

Clin. But what does this signify! Where lies the Mystery?

Const. Well then——Since you must know it; You are not insensible how my Father has treated me, ever since I refus'd to marry Mrs. *Homebred*, whose Manners suited with her Name, and her Face was coarser than either; and because I drew a Bill upon him for fifty Pounds last Campaign, he threatens to disinherit me; nay, and swears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon half my Pay, he'll make my Serjeant his Heir, who was once his Footman. In short, I can bear his ill usage no longer.

Clin. Ah! Sir, had you married that Lady with twenty thousand Pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

Const. If she had twenty times as much, I shou'd refuse her for *Belinda*'s sake.

Clin. But Sir *Jeffrey* resolves against that Match—— You must not marry his Steward's Daughter.

Const. I hope to prove you a Lyar, Sir; and by this Dress to carry my Design; which is to persuade *Trusty*, that my Father dy'd of an Apoplexy, by which means he must account with me for the half Year's Rent, he sent the old Gentleman word was ready for him.

Const. Two thousand Pound, *Clinch*—This Letter I surpriz'd by an Accident; 'tis from my Father to him. [*Reads.*

Mr. *Trusty*, "The several Sums which you have returned me without any Receipt, amount to eight hundred Pounds; there remains behind two thousand two hundred Pounds, which you tell me is ready for me; don't give yourself any trouble about remitting that, for I design to be down my self in a Fortnight; and then

" then the Leaſes which you mention'd, ſhall be renew " ed." *You need write no more, till you ſee.*

Your real Friend, Jeffrey Canſtant.

Clin. Excellent, Sir! Why here may be a pretty Penny towards, if the Devil don't croſs it. But, Sir, if my old Maſter ſhou'd take a Maggot, and write to *Truſty*, to return his Money after all——His Letter and our Story wou'd have ſmall Connexion; we ſhou'd be oblig'd to alter our Note. I wou'd adviſe you to take the old Steward to the Tavern, and ſtay as little in his Houſe as you can, for fear of diſcovery: Beſides, Sir, a Glaſs of Wine and a Fowl, makes Buſineſs go on chearfully, Sir.

Conſt. Chearfully, Sirrah!——You don't conſider that it is not my Buſineſs to be chearful——I admire *Faithful* ſtays ſo long.

Clin. Perhaps he can't find Mr. *Lovely*, Sir.

Conſt. I directed him to the Coffee-houſe, where he ſeldom fails to be at this time of the Morning.

Clin, Poor Gentleman! I warrant he's ruminating upon his Misfortunes. Well! 'tis ſometimes a Bleſſing to want Money——You 'ſcap'd the Highway-men, Sir!

Conſt. What am I the better for that, Sirrah? My Pockets are as empty as my Friends, who fell into their Hands:. But here comes my Fellow Traveller——and *Lovely* with him; He has found him at laſt——Dear *Lovely*, how is't?

Enter Lovely, Faithful, *and* Manage, *in riding Habit.*

Love. Captain *Conſtant!* Welcome! Who expected to ſee you here? Why did not you ſend me word of your coming?

Clin. He hardly knew it himſelf two Hours before he got on Horſeback, Sir; nay, I much queſtion if he knows it yet.

Conſt. My Journey indeed was ſomething precipitate.

Clin. Ay, Sir, don't you ſee we are in Mourning?

Love. Mr. *Faithful* has inform'd me of every Particular; and I wiſh I could really give thee Joy of ſix thouſand a Year, Boy.

Clin. At the rate of half a Year's Rent you may.—— If Fortune proves not an errand Jilt indeed, Sir.

Love.

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Lov. Come Gentlemen; What think you of my Houſe? I'll get ſomething for Breakfaſt, whilſt you change your Linnen.

Conſt. 'Tis near Six——I have a mind to ſee if *Belinda* comes to church this Morning.

Lov. She ſeldom fails——

Faith. Prithee, *Lovely*; can you inform me, if a young Lady that lives at Sir *David Watchum*'s will be here too?

Lov. Mrs. *Laura Wealthy*, your Miſtreſs, you mean.

Faith. The ſame.

Lov. We have heard of the Lady; but I believe no body in *Peterborough* has ſeen her, except his own Servants.

Conſt. What kind of a Temper is the old Fellow of?

Lov. The moſt peeviſh, ſplenetick, miſtruſtful, ill-natur'd Wretch in the whole County: He comes to the Coffee-houſe every Morning in an old ruſty Chariot for haſte, the longeſt Journey he takes in the Year: He ſeldom comes to Church; nay, ſince that Lady came, he has not once been ſeen there; we fancy he dares not ſtay two Hours from home, for fear ſhe ſhould be ſtol'n away.

Man. Ah! Sir, this account is moſt uncomfortable in our Affairs.——

Faith. It gives me more Chagrin, than the Rogues did, when they ſtripp'd me of my Money this Morning ——Which way ſhall I give *Laura* notice of my being in Town?

Conſt. Have Courage, *Faithful.* I warrant we proſper.

Lov. Nothing like a good Heart; you ſhall not want a ſmall Sum of Money, Sir.

Faith. I thank you, Sir.

Conſt. I'll be as diligent in thy Affairs, as in my own ——if any lucky Opportunity offers, I'll be ready to ſerve thee.

Lov. I'll be the ſame to both.

Conſt. I know it; and when I am able, I hope, if my Deſign ſucceeds, thou ſhalt meet returns in me.

Faith. I am oblig'd to both.—But who have we here?

Several People croſs the Stage to Church.

Lov. Here comes *Belinda*, and with her my Tyrant *Maria*.

Faith.

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Faith. Well, Gentlemen; you'll beſt entertain your Miſtreſſes alone; I'll back to the Coffee houſe, and over a Diſh of Tea think what Courſe to ſteer.——

Conſt. Mind of the *Courant* be there, wherein I got my Father's Death inſerted, the better to favour my Plot.

Faith. I will, Captain, and be ſure to confirm the News. [*Ex.* Faith, *and* Manage.

Lov. We'll call on you there preſently.——

The Bell rings.

Conſt. But is *Maria* obdurate ſtill, *Lovely*?

Lov. Not in reality, *Conſtant.*—But ſhe has ſo much of the Woman in her, to keep up her Rule till the laſt.

Enter Belinda *and* Maria.

Conſt. Ladies, good-morrow! The ſound of the Saint's Bell brings Angels abroad. [*Salutes 'em.*

Bel. *Conſtant!* and in Mourning! Pray who's dead?

Conſt. One for whom I ought to grieve, did it not ſmooth a Paſſage to *Belinda*'s Arms, through the Hearts of our inexorable Parents.

Bel. Your Father! Sir.

Clin. The ſame, Madam! He's as dead as an Herring. I promiſe you.——

Mar. Now don't I know, whether I had beſt ſay I'm ſorry for your Loſs, or wiſh you much Joy of your Gain.

Clin. I dare ſwear, Madam; he can't tell you yet.

Conſt. Peace, Blockhead.

Mar. Mr. *Lovely*, are you for Prayers?

Conſt. You are the Shrine he kneels to, Madam; if you'll vouchſafe to hear him, he can pray moſt devoutly.

Mar. And diſſemble moſt fervently.——

Lov. No faith, Madam, that Quality does not belong to us——that is the Womens Prerogative.

Bel. And do you never encroach upon our Privileges, ſweet Sir?

Lov. Yes, yes, faith; I have encroach'd upon ſome of the Sex's Privileges in my time, I muſt own. Curioſity——Madam, ſeldom leads us to put on Maſking Habits; but a Lady cannot dreſs without 'em; Diſſimulation is as neceſſary as her Patches.

Bel. Ay! How do you prove that?

Lov.

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Lov. Why thus: When you wou'd gain a Man you like, you appear what you are not.——We believe you Angels, but don't always find you so.

Mar. We always find you Angels, but of the fal'n kind.

Conſt. 'Tis impoſſible to be otherwiſe, whilſt Beauty keeps her Court below; you charm our Eyes, and all our Senſes wait you.

Lov. Pride and Vanity predominate in your Sex, and like Centinels relieve one another; Pride has made a Lady ſwear ſhe has hated ſuch a Man, tho' ſhe was dying for the Sight of him.——And Vanity made her careſs a Fop, that at the ſame time ſhe wiſh'd at the Devil.

Mar. And are not you even with us? Will not you ſigh, ogle, cringe, flatter, ſwear, kneel, nay give it under your hand, you love to Deſperation; but let the poor miſtaken Nymph once yield, and you'd give Bond and Judgment to that old Gentleman you nam'd but now, in two Days to take her off your hands.

Conſt. I hope you don't include the whole Sex, Madam.

Lov. That ſhe does not; I'm ſure; for ſhe knows I never ſwore any thing to her, but what I'm ready to make good——And if ſhe be not the moſt unconſcionable Woman living, ſhe will own I love her heartily.

Conſt. That I dare witneſs for thee, *Lovely.*

Bel Ay! Why, what Proofs has he given?

Lov. Proofs! Why I talk of her all day——And dream of her all night—— When ſhe's abſent, ſigh for her, and am tranſported when I ſee her. If theſe be not Proofs of Love, let the Parſon ſay Grace, and I'll give her better.

Bel. All this may be done without one Grain of Love, may it not Captain?

Conſt. Not when you are the Object, Madam; and you are too well acquainted with my Heart, to aſk that Queſtion out of ſcruple, I'm certain.

Mar. Theſe are no Proofs; you muſt grow lean and meagre——Eat little, and ſleep leſs——Write fifty Letters in a Day, and burn them all again—— Then ſtart up, and draw your Sword; hold it to your Breaſt; then throw it away again——Then take your Pen and write your laſt

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last Farewel—— Dispatch it to your Mistress——— Then take a Turn by some Melancholy purling Stream, with Hat pull'd over your Eyes, in deep Contemplation resolve thro' what Door to let in Death, if the Messenger return without Success——— When I see you do this, I'll write Lover upon your Brow.

Lov. When I do, you shall write Fool on my Forehead.

Hang this whining way of Wooing,
Loving was design'd a Sport, &c. [*Sings.*

Const. Come, come Madam, a Truce; you know he loves you.

Lov. As well as I know she loves me; we were born for one another, Child; no Man in the Kingdom shall have thee but my self.——Then if you will eat chalk, and die of the Pip, I can't help it. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Be not so positive, *Lovely*.——one Sect of Philosophers tell us, we ought to doubt of every thing.

Lov. But the Topic was not a Woman in that Assertion; but if it were, Women in their Days were no more like Women in ours, than a Clodhopper is to a Captain o'Foot. Our Ladies are like two Negatives, to be understood in the Affirmative, ha, ha! Madam, does not my Friend here look like one of those Lovers you describ'd? Faith, I think a Woman cannot wish a simpler Figure.——Now has he a thousand things to say to *Belinda* alone.

Const. You guess right, *Lovely*——I am going to your Father's, Madam, to settle our Accounts; I hope you'll return as soon as Prayers are over.

Bel. Directly.——

Const. Oh *Belinda!*

Now is the Crisis of our Good or Ill;
Turn for me, Fate, or let thy Wheel stand still.

Lov. You'll remember us in your Prayers, Ladies.——

Mar. Amongst *Jews*, *Turks* and *Infidels*. [*Exit.*

Lov. Come, now for my House——We'll call on *Faithful*.

Const. Lead on—— I'll change my Linnen, and to *Trusty*'s immediately——But hold——*Clinch*, hark ye.

Clin. Sir.——

Const.

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Conſt. I had no Opportuinty to inform *Belinda* of my Project; you muſt away to *Truſty*'s and let her Maid into the Secret, I would not impoſe upon her——The Man that truly loves, cannot deceive the Object of his Vows.

He never felt the Force of Cupid's *Dart,*
Who lets his Tongue run-counter to his Heart.
Or ever can deſerve the charming Maid,
That is by Falſhood to his Arms betray'd.
For mutual Paſſions in all States agree,
And tines the Yoke with true Felicity.
She ſhall my Project with my Love compare,
If ſhe approves it, I'm indeed an Heir.

Clin. *Or at the worſt, we are but as we were.*

Enter 'Squire Num *and his Man* Slouch.

Num. What think you *Slouch*; Had we beſt go into the *Minſter*, or tarry here whilſt Mrs. *Belinda* comes out; for her Maid ſays ſhe's here; Lord, Lord, how religious Folk are in this Town! Why they riſe as early to Church here, as our Parſon's Wife does to Milking, I think——Well, but what had we beſt to do, ha?

Slou. Why go in, I think——Or tarry here; which you will, Maſter.

Num. Nay, nay mun, I don't know which is beſt, that makes me ask you; for I know, *Slouch*, you underſtand Breeding and Haviours; for you have been at *London* with fat Bullocks, and ſo was never I; but I reſolve to go next time, ha! *Slouch!*

Slou. Ay Maſter; but an you marry this ſame Mrs. *Belinda*, as ſure as your Name is *'Squire Num*, ſhe'll not let you budge a Step.

Num. Marry her! Nay, nay, I ſhall marry her, that's ſure enough, I think; and yet I'll ſee *London* for all that——Why, what doſt thou think I'll be ty'd to a Wife's Tail all Days of my Life? No, no; the Family of the *Nums* won't be Wife-rid, *Slouch*——But hark ye, an her Father ſhou'd chop up the Wedding today, before my new Clothes are made; for he likes me woundily mun.

Slou. Od, well thought on Maſter! don't go into the Church, I ſay; who knows but when the Parſon has done his Prayers, but he may begin your Plagues, Maſter, ha!

Num.

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Num. Od, that's ſmart now——Ha, ha; huſh, huſh, *Slouch*, they are here——Now ſhow your Manners——

Enter Truſty, Belinda *and* Maria. *Several others croſs the Stage as from Church.*

Tru. I have met a Report in the Church, that the News ſays Sir *Jeffrey Conſtant* is dead; if it be true, there's a better Husband for *Belinda* than this Fool——Od! I'll for *London* as ſoon as I have din'd; my Heart akes; pray Heaven he ſettled his Affairs before he died; I have no Receipt for the Money I paid him.

Num. Sir, your Servant; Father has ſent me agen to ſee Mrs. *Belinda*, and bid me tell you, That he wou'd come over himſelf, I think, next Week, and do what you would have him do, I think——And ſo, I ſuppoſe, we are agreed, Forſooth——Only I muſt deſire you to ſtay till my new Clothes are made. Father bought the Cloth laſt *Sturbich* Fair; and the Taylor comes to-morrow, don't he *Slouch*?

Slou. Ay, and his Man *Staytape* too; and he works like a Dragon——My Maſter will ſoon be fit, Forſooth.

Mar. Fit quotha! for what? ha, ha.

Num. For what! nay, nay, let me alone for that, an I don't ſhow her for what, when I have her once, I'll be flead.

Bel. Heaven defend me from the Trial.

Tru. Sir, ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have conſider'd my Daughter is no proper Match for you: and therefore I deſire you to return with all poſſible ſpeed, and acquaint your Father, that he may not undertake any unneceſſary Journey.

Bel. Ten thouſand Bleſſings on that Voice.

Num. Hey-day: What's the matter now! Why you don't pretend to make a Fool of me, do ye?

Mar. No, thou art made to his Hands——ha, ha, ha,——

Num. Who ſpeaks to you, Miſtreſs, I was not made for you, I'm ſure.

Mar. No, I thank my Stars!

Num. I'll not be chous'd at this rate, mun: Did you not tell me, if my Father wou'd ſettle ſo, and ſo, that

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that I shou'd have her—And now you come with a Consider—when it has cost me the Lord knows what in Journeys as *Slouch* can testify.

Slou. Yes, with a safe Conscience I can swear it has cost my Master—and me above thirty Shillings upon you.

Bel. What, did you club with your Master then, Mr. *Slouch?*

Slou. Now and then, for a Flagon of Ale, an it please you.

Bel. Oh you shall be no Loser, Friend—There's something to defray your Expences— [*Gives him Money.*

Slou. Thank you kindly, Forsooth—Od, this 'tis to be sharp—Now wou'd I give Sixpence to know if this be a good Guinea, or a Counter——— [*Aside.*

Tru. As to your Charges, Mr. *Num*—If you please to give me a Bill, they shall be discharg'd—But for my Daughter, I have design'd her otherways.

Num. A Bill! I scorn your Words; I'm as well able, de you see, to spend thirty Shillings as you, for ought I know; yet I'm not angry neither; only what makes me mad, is, that you shou'd think me such a Fool to be fobb'd off I know not how———Why mun, all our Town knows that I'm to have her, and they have promis'd me the Bells shou'd ring a whole Day—And now you'd have me go home with a Tale of a Tub, like a Dog that has lost his Ears———What did you come bouncing to our House for! and say I shou'd have your Daughter———I did not come after her, nor you neither, mun.

Tru. What I said I thought at that time, Sir; but no Man can blame me for changing my Mind to Advantage in disposing of my Child—I have a better Prospect both in Birth and Estate, than you, or your Father can offer. Therefore I say without any Passion, I desire you'd give your self no farther Trouble about this matter, Mr. *Num.*

Bel. Birth, and Estate! What means my Father? how I tremble!

Mar. He has certainly heard of Sir *Jeffrey*'s Death and designs to make thee happy.

Bel. Impossible! he was in the *Minster* before us.

Num.

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Num. Birth and Eſtate! *Slouch*, come hither Sirrah! han't my Father a Thouſand a Year?

Slouch. Yes that he has, and more too: He has Ten hundred, I'll ſwear it.

Num. I believe he has, as you ſay, *Slouch.*

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. An I am all the Children he has, am I not, *Slouch?*

Slou. Ay, all that he dares own, Sir.

Num. Look ye there now! An I'll hold you a Bottle of Cyder that I'm as well born as he; my Father's Church-warden and Captain of the Militia, as 'tis known very well; and I am called the Young Captain, ſo I am.

Slou. Aye, that every body knows.

Tru. Sir, I have nothing to ſay to that, and am your humble Servant——Come *Belinda.*

Bel. I wiſh you a good Journey, Sir.

Mar. Captain, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Num. A murrain take your Fleer——

Slou. You may go to *London* now, Sir.

Num. Go to *London*, go to the Devil! 'Slife I'll follow them mun, may hap he does but joke; and Father will break my Head, becauſe I did not underſtand a Joke —Therefore come along, *Slouch*—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Sir* David Watchum's *Houſe,*

Enter Sir David *into a Garden before the Door.*

Sir *Dav.* I Have ſurvey'd my Houſe round and round to-night, from Door to Door, and Gate to Gate——He that would keep a handſome Woman of Twenty Thouſand Pound, muſt learn the Gameſter's Art, to live without Sleep—— Methought from my Garret Window, I ſaw a Man ſauntring about my Ground, and ſeem'd to pry too narrowly into my Houſe——It may be a Rogue——I would not loſe Mrs. *Laura*; for

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for, if poſſible ſhe ſhall fill no Arms but mine. I have kept her from the ſight of Man theſe twelve Months; and now I deſign to offer her Liberty, provided ſhe'll conſent to be my Wife; if ſhe refuſes, I'll have the Lights quite ſtop'd up, and ſhe ſhall not ſo much as ſee the Sun——Ha! who's here! Ho, 'tis *Lucy*, her Maid; I wiſh I cou'd make this Jade of my Intereſt——What the Vengeance does ſhe do up ſo early?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. This old Fellow is certainly the Devil——One can go no where, but one is ſure to meet him.

Sir *Dav.* What makes you here, ha Miſtreſs?——Now am I afraid of venturing to the Coffee-Houſe, tho' my Coach is at the Door.

Lucy. Too much Sleep is unwholeſome, you know Sir, by your own Rule; ſo hearing the Door open, I came down to breathe the Morning Air.

Sir *Dav.* That you might have done at your Window; no, no, you have ſome Plot in hand now, I warrant! Where's your Miſtreſs?

Lucy. In her Chamber: Where ſhou'd ſhe be?

Sir *Dav.* In her Bed wou'd be a fitter Place——Women of Virtue that have no Intrigues, are faſt aſleep in their Beds at this Time a-day.

Lucy. Aſleep! That's impoſſible in this Houſe——Pray how can any body ſleep, as long as you are awake; are you not rambling all Night; up Stairs, down Stairs, locking one Door, and opening another; hemming, coughing, ſpitting, ſneezing, yawning, ſtamping, muttring?——One no ſooner ſhuts one's Eyes——but ſlap goes a Door, clatter goes a Key——down tumbles a Stool, bow-wow goes the Dog——This is the conſtant Muſick you make, Sir: 'Slife, if one were a Slave in *Turkey*, one ſhou'd ſometimes reſt in quiet.

Sir *Dav.* Good lack, good lack, all this I get for my Care——Why all this is for your Lady's Good, *Lucy*.

Lucy. Nay, if you call this Good! Then pray, Sir, employ your Study for the future, to do her ill Offices; for

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for nothing can be more disagreeable, than your present Treatment both to my Lady and me.

Sir *Dav.* Say you so! What, you don't like your way of living then? ha.

Lucy. Not at all, I assure you, Sir——Living! d'ye call it——We wou'd have Liberty, Sir,

Sir *Dav.* You shall have Liberty, if your Lady is not her own Enemy——and for your part, if you please. you my serve your self, and her, by being serviceable to me.

Lucy. Which way, pray Sir? For there are not many things I wou'd refuse to procure my Lady to her dear dear Liberty; pray inform me, I'm impatient to know it.

Sir *Dav.* Why thus——I have a very cordial Affection for Mrs. *Laura*, out of pure Consideration of her Youth——I wou'd not have a young Woman fall into ill hands at first; therefore I design to marry her myself.

Lucy. Heaven forbid! that wou'd be falling into ill hands indeed. [*Aside.*

Sir *Dav.* Now I wou'd have you break this matter to her; and second it with all the force of Argument you are capable of——When we are married, you shall take what Liberty you please.

Lucy. Why sure a person of your experienced Years, wou'd not be guilty of such a folly.

Sir *Dav.* What do you call folly? I had no Children by my last Wife, and I wou'd willingly have an Heir to keep up my Name——and do you call this Folly?

Lucy. Heirs! Why, do you hope for an Heir of your own getting, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Why not, pray?

Lucy. What, upon such a fine Woman as she is——In my Conscience, were I in your place, I shou'd dread being the erranteſt, you know what, in Christendom.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Mrs. Pert! that's not your Business, I shall dread no such thing——All I desire of you, is to tell her my Estate, Prudence, Wisdom and Temperance, out-weighs Youth, Folly, Titles, and Debauchery.

Lucy. Yes, for one that is in love with her Grave. Certainly, Sir, you are not in your right Senses——Why your

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your Requeſt is ſo abominable, ſo vile, ſo ridiculous, and ſo unjuſt; that I wou'd not be concerned in it for a thouſand Pounds——Indeed you have pitch'd upon the wrong Perſon, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Say you ſo! Good lack——So I have pitch'd upon the wrong Perſon you ſay, ha! If I had deſired you to ſay your Prayers, I'll be hang'd if I had not pitch'd upon the wrong perſon too, Goſſip prate-a-pace——but I'll hamper ye, I warrant you; I'll croſs your Deſigns, till I have finiſh'd my own——go, get out of my ſight.

Lucy, Well, ſurely this Life won't laſt always. [*Exit.*

Enter Manage.

Man. My Maſter ſtays at the Coffee houſe, and has ſent me to ſurvey this Dome, and try to give Mrs. *Laura*'s Maid Notice of his Arrival; but how far I may be ſerviceable to him, I know not——Ha! who have we yonder? The old Guardian himſelf, I doubt——So, he has found me——What the duce muſt I pretend now?

Sir *Dav.* What do you want Friend, ha?

Man. Good-Morrow, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Good-morrow; what more?

Man. I hope you are well, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Yes, thank Heaven, Sir! what then?

Man. Why then I am very glad of it, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* You are very glad of it, Sir! Why what a Pox my is Health to you? Who are you? What are you? And from whence came you, ha Sir?

Man. Faith, Sir, your Queſtions are ſo copious, that they require a conſiderable Study to Anſwer: let me recollect a little——I have gone through ſo many Trades that without my Dairy (which I have not about me at preſent) I can't remember half of them; nor indeed can I tell how to ſtile my ſelf otherwiſe than an univerſal Man——The World is my Country; and for want of an Eſtate, I live by my Wits.

Sir *Dav.* A Rogue, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Man. Sometimes an honeſt Man, ſometimes a Knave; juſt as Occaſions fall out.

Sir *Dav.* Ay! and you oftener happen to be a Knave than an honeſt Man, I doubt, Friend.

Man.

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Man. Why look ye, Sir, that is just as I abound, or want Money ; for my present Profession is Physick.—Now when my Pockets are full, I cure a Patient in three Days——when they are empty, I keep him three Months.

Sir *Dav.* An excellent Principle truly—But pray what is your Business at my House?—We are all in a good State of Health at present.

Man. Nay, no very great Business, only I look'd in as I pass'd by, Sir, that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Now in my Opinion you have another Reason; for you have the Aspect of one of those Sparks that comes in at a Window, or down a Chimney at two in the Morning.——

Man. Have a care what you say, Sir, I'm known very well not far off.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, too well perhaps! Zounds, Sir, what business have you here? speak.

Man. A queer old Duke this——Why, Sir, if you must know, I am in search of some Simples which I have occasion for,——

Sir *Dav.* Simples!

Man. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Simples! A very simple Excuse, faith——

Man. Sir, I have many Years practis'd Chymistry, and there's scarce any Disease incident to Humanity, but I have cur'd ; Stone, Gravel, Spleen, Vapours, Fits of the Mother, and so forth.——

Sir *Dav.* Rather Fits of the Father, I fancy.

Man. I had attained to such perfections in the Chymical Art, that I wanted but one degree of Heat to reach the Philosopher's Stone.

Sir *Dav.* That Habit methinks does not Answer this mighty skill.

Man. Oh! Sir, skill does not lie in Clothes——And the Most ingenious, are not always the most fortunate.—I have had many crosses in my time—which has reduc'd me much below my Birth, I assure you—I serve an Officer at present, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*, whose Life I saved at the Battle of *Audenard*, when he was shot through with a Cannon-Ball.

Sir

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Sir *Dav.* How! ſhot through with a Cannon-Ball?

Man. Yes, Sir; what, do you wonder at that, Why, Sir, I have a Water, that if your Head were off, I'd but waſh it with that, and clap it upon your Shoulders again; and you ſhould grow as perfectly well in half an Hour, as ever you was in your Life; I have made the Experiment upon thouſands; my Maſter's Brother was one of them.——

Sir *Dav.* If you were in Petticoats, I ſhou'd take you for the Kentiſh Miracle—What is this Officer's Name, Friend, that you ſerve?

Man. Captain *Bounce*, Sir.

Sir *Dav. Bounce*! I fancy you are related to him; are you not, Friend?

Man. No, Sir, not at all; indeed he uſes me more like a Relation, than a Servant, for the Reaſon before-mentioned.

Sir *Dav.* Ha! and where is he, pray?

Man. At the *Talbot*, Sir; if you pleaſe I'll fetch him hither?

Sir *Dav.* By no means, Sir; but what Buſineſs have you here in *Peterborough*?

Man. We have been raiſing Recruits, Sir—A Pox of this old Dog; how many impertinent Queſtions does he aſk?——Here's no hopes of ſeeing *Lucy*——

Sir *Dav.* Well, Sir, I deſire you'd look your ſimples elſewhere; for I don't like you, notwithſtanding your fair Pretences.

Man. Sir, I ſhall obey you—But pray who does this Houſe belong to?

Sir *Dav.* Why, this Houſe belongs to——its Maſter.

Man. Indeed, Sir——Pray who is that Maſter, if I may be ſo bold to aſk?

Sir *Dav.* Why that Maſter is——a Man, Friend.

Man. Really Sir! your Anſwers are ſo conciſe and ſo ingenious, that it is impoſſible to quit your Company.—We deſign for *Cambridge* to-night, pray what time do you think we ſhall get in?

Sir *Dav.* The Town-Clock will tell you, when you come there.

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Man. Is it poſſible!——I humbly thank you Sir——one thing more I would gladly be reſolved——I have a Brother bound for *Portugal*; pray is the Wind fair, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* What do you take me for, a Weather Cock, Sirrah? Hark ye, the Wind will blow you no good, if you don't get about your Buſineſs, remember that, and ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

Man. Very well——this muſt be Sir *David* his own ſelf——'Egad he has all his Paces, it will be hard to bring matters about here; I'm juſt as wiſe as I was when I came——and have told fifty Lyes to no purpoſes——Ha! his Coach at the Door, I'll watch whither he goes, I'm reſolv'd.——

Re-enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* What are you not gone yet, Sirrah? I'll have you laid by the Heels, if you don't get off my Ground this Moment.

Man. Sir, I am going this moment——A Pox of his Leathren Jaws——Well, I'll inform my Maſter what has paſſed, and Leave him to think on what's to come.—— [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* So, he is gone——I don't like the Countenance of this Fellow——*Sam*——

Enter Servant.

Sam. Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Lock my Doors, d'ye hear, till I return from the Coffee-houſe let no body in or out.——

Sam. I ſhall obſerve, Sir. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Coffee-houſe*; Lovely, Conſtant, *and* Faithful.

Faith. I have confirm'd the whole Town in the Belief of thy Father's-Death.

Conſt. Then thou haſt done me Service——Come, you'll both go with me to *Truſty's*——

Faith. No, I have a mind to ſtay here; to ſee if Sir *David* comes; this Morning I will try to get acquainted with him; perhaps my being a Stranger, he may invite me to Dinner.

Lov. Ha, ha! He wou'd as ſoon give thee his Eſtate

Enter.

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Enter Manage.

Faith. Ha! *Manage*, what News? Haſt thou ſeen *Lucy?*

Man. No, Sir, but I have ſeen the Knight.

Faith. Well, and what have you diſcover'd?

Man. That it was not worth your while to come Poſt from *London*, to return the ſame way——Ah Pox of the laſt Horſe I rid; what a curſed Fall had I in *Stangate-hole*——don't you remember, Sir, how I lay over Head and Ears in Mire; whilſt the Gentlemen of the Pad diſburtheu'd you of a hundred Pounds?

Faith. Hang your unſeaſonable Memory, Sirrah; leave fooling, and tell me—You ſaw Sir *David*, did you ſpeak to him?

Man. Yes, Sir, but he anſwer'd me with a damn'd ſour Air; and I aſſure you it will require Cannon to reduce his Citadel.

Faith. Love has taught me to ſurmount all Difficulties.

Man. But here the Knight will be immediately; for I heard him give Orders to lock up the Doors, till he return'd from the Coffee-houſe.

Lov. Ay, that's Right Sir *David*! ha, ha.

Faith. Lock up the Doors! ah poor *Laura!* how ſhall I give thee notice of my being here?

Con. I have a thought in my Head, if it cou'd be put in put practice——Heark, I hear the Coach—ha! here's no body in the Room to diſcover the Trick Let us pretend to Quarrel——Draw, *Faithful.*

Faith. to what purpoſe?

Conſt. You ſhall know inſtantly——*Lovely*, do you ſeem to part us; he's here—Damn you Sir, you lye. [*draws.*] I have not loſt, nor will I pay.

Faith. Take your Lye back, Sir,—— [*ſeem to fight.*

Enter Sir David.

Lov. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen; what do you mean?

Faith. Damn you, Sir, you ſhall pay me.——

Conſt. There is the Money then, you have it—pretend to be wounded with that Thruſt, *Faithful.*

[*Aſide to him.*

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Faith. I am wounded——pray help to lead me home

Lov. Oh Friend! what have you done?

Sir *Dav.* What's here, Murder!

Conſt. I hope the Wound's not mortal——Curſe on my unlucky Arm; how doſt thou, *Ned?*

Sir *Dav.* Do quotha! If the Gentleman is wounded, I muſt ſecure you, Sir.

Conſt. Secure me, Sir, Alas! Sir, I don't intend to fly; a Pox of all Wagers, I ſay.

Faith. Pray lead me to my Inn, for I feel my ſpirits very faint.

Lov. Lead you! Alas, I doubt you cannot walk ſo far.

Conſt. What, is there not a Chair or a Coach to be got?

Lov. Sir *David* has a Coach at the Door, if you could prevail with him to lend it you a little.

Conſt. Sir, pray oblige us with your Coach, it ſhall return immediately.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, [*Goes to the Door, and ſpeaks to his Coachman aloud.*

Tom. Here carry this Gentleman home——d'ye hear, and make haſte back again.

Faith. Oh! Friend, I underſtand you now; my Soul dances with the bare Idea.

Conſt. It has ſucceeded to my wiſh——*Lovely*, help lead him to the Coach.

Sir *Dav.* If there be any Danger, Mr. *Lovely*, take care to ſecure the Murderer.

Lov. Oh! they are intimate Friends. Sir *David*, he won't flinch, I know.

Sir *Dav.* Well, well, look you to that.

[*Ex. into the Houſe.*

Conſt. Manage! Come you along with us, I have ſome Inſtructions for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to the Outside of* Trusty's *House.*

Enter Lovely, Constant, Clinch *and* Manage.

Lov. He'll certainly get admittance to his Mistress by this Stratagem; but if the Knight shou'd find him there, how will he come off?

Const. Nay, let him look to that——but *Manage* shall take *Clinch*'s great Coat, 'tis like a Livery. Sweet Sir, can you condescend to wear a Livery an Hour or two?

Man. To serve my Master's Amour I will, Sir—else I scorn a Livery—I must have that black Wig too.

Const. Well, well! Here, *Clinch*, change, change with him. [*They change Clothes.*

Clin. So Sir! Now I am your *Valet de Chambre.*

Man. Well, Sir, what am I to do now?

Const. Why, go watch about Sir *David*'s Door, and as you see occasion, employ your Wits.

Man. Very well, Sir, let me alone for that; your humble Servant, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Enter Dolly, *out of the House*

Dolly. Oh! Are you come Captain; I have told my Mistress every particular——please to walk in, Sir, I'll inform my Master you are here. [*They go in.*

The SCENE *draws, and discovers them in a Room.*

Lov. 'Tis an admirable Project, Captain, if you are not discover'd; but your Father will certainly know it in a little time.

Const. If possible, I'll marry the Woman to-night.

Lov. I fear Sir *Jeffrey* will relent the Trick.

Const. I hope to convince him the Trick was upon *Trusty*; for he may recover the Money of him, if he pleases, and with me it may pass for his Daughter's Portion: but rather than fail, I'll give the Steward my Bond, when 'tis discover'd, to refund the Money, when I become Master of my Father's Estate; for without *Belinda*, nothing can make me happy.

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Clin. Ah, Sir, you'll ſcarce find a Man in the Army of your Mind——Prefer a Woman to Money! Why, Sir, Money is the very Hinge the whole World turns upon——A Soldier, and not love Money!——Money has power to alter all Conſtitutions, and in ſpite of Cuſtom, ſtamp what Form it pleaſes——'Twill make an honeſt Man a Knave; nay, 'twill make a Knave an honeſt Man——'Twill make a Coward Valiant——an Old Woman Young——a Young Woman a Saint——a Lawyer Juſt——a Statesman Loyal——and a Courtier keep his Word.

Lov. Ha, ha, *Clinch* is a Wit.

Clin. Faith, I always thought ſo by my Poverty.

Conſt. Well hinted *Clinch*——I'm in thy Debt——

[*gives him half a Guinea.*

Clin. Oh Sir, I am yours in all Reſpects——Oh! this dear Colour!

What can there be that this dear Coin can't buy?
For thee Men toil and ſweat, ſwear cheat and lye;
For thee does Friend his deareſt Friend betray,
And Women give their very Souls away.
Join but Ambition to this glitt'ring Evil,
And in an Inſtant Man is made a Devil.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Conſt Ad's heart, Sir, ſet your weeping Face in order——Here comes the Steward——

Enter Truſty.

Tru. Captain *Conſtant*, your Servant! you are welcome into the Country. What, you are in want of Men; I warrant you are going to raiſe Recruits.

Conſt. Not at this time, Sir; 'tis a more unwelcome Accident that brought me down. [*Takes out his Handkerchief, and ſeems to weep.*

Truſt. Good lack! the News is really true then, Sir *Jeffrey* is dead.

Clin. Ay, poor Gentleman, he's laid low——

Truſt. I confeſs I heard ſo, but I hop'd it might be Report only; I did deſign to have ſet out for *London* as ſoon as I had din'd——My Heart akes——Bleſs me! What have I paid without any Receipt?——I lov'd

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I lov'd Sir *Jeffrey* like a Brother; truly I am very much troubled——— [*Seems to weep.*

Clin. Grief is very catching, I find; it makes me weep too——Be comforted, Sir, [*to* Conſtant.] Fathers muſt go as well as Sons——Why do you afflict your ſelf at this rate, Sir? Since Death is Death, who can help it?

Lov. Pray be comforted, Sir *John*——— [*To* Conſtant.

Truſt. Pray of what Diſtemper did he die?

Clin. Ah! duce on't! What was that hard Word? Now can't I think on't, as I hope to be Great——

Lov. Of an Apoplexy——A Pox on the Doctors, for giving Death ſo many ſtrange Names. [*Aſide.*

Clin. Right, Sir——He died of an Apoplexy, Sir.

Tru. Of an Apoplexy! Why then I doubt he died ſuddenly.

Conſt. In a Moment's time, Sir, he was alive and dead———

Clin. Ay, without ever ſpeaking one Word, Sir,——

Tru. Roars out] Oh, oh, oh. Did he ſettle his Affairs in his Health? Did he make any Will?——

Conſt. Not any, Sir.

Clin. No, Sir; He has left all at Sixes and Sevens.

Tru. Oh, oh, oh———. [*Faints.*

Lov. Ha! Help, *Clinch*, I hope he is not dead.

Clin. No, no, he breathes, thank Heaven; pray you look up, Sir.

Conſt. Why are you thus concern'd?

Lov. You really encreaſe Sir *John*'s Grief, Sir.

Tru. Oh what have I loſt!

Conſt. I know you have loſt a Friend in my Father; but you ſhall find him again in me.

Tru. Oh but he has left all things at ſixes and ſevens, *Clinch* ſays ——Did he ſay nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

Conſt. Not a Syllable——— But I ſuppoſed your Concern proceeds from having paid him Money without any thing to ſhow for it under his hand.

Tru. Ay, Sir, there's my Misfortune———Oh, oh.

Clin. 'Tis the Money not the Man———Let not that trouble you, Sir, my young Maſter has been inform'd

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to a Farthing what it was—Tell him, tell him, Sir, your Father appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it.

[*Aside to* Conſtant.

Tru. Inform'd!

Conſt. Yes Mr. *Truſty*; my Father cou'd not reſt till he had diſclos'd your Affair.

Clin. Ah good honeſt Soul; ſeeing he was ſnatch'd away ſo ſuddenly, he has ſeveral times appeared.

Tru. How! appear'd, ſay you?

Clin. Aſk my Maſter elſe.

Conſt. Moſt certain, Sir. ———

Clin. He haunted us ſix Days like the Devil; ſometimes like a ſhag Dog—Sometimes like a white Pidgeon—At laſt he took his own Shape. *Clinch*, ſaid he, don't you know me? Then addreſſing himſelf to my Maſter, don't be afraid, ſaid he, I come to tell you, that at ſeveral times I have received from Mr. *Truſty*—

Tru. Ah dear Ghoſt, dear Ghoſt; how much did he ſay?

Conſt. Eight hundred Pound.

Tru. Right to a Penny, look ye there now, ſee what it is to deal with honeſt Men; one loſes nothing by them tho' in their Graves.

Clin. Oh, the Dead, Sir, are always generous; they value Money no more than that———

[*Snapping his Fingers.*

Tru. Poor Gentleman, that he ſhou'd take a Journey from the other World upon my account.

Clin. Ah, Sir, the Dead ride poſt upon the Winds.—He charg'd me to tell you, for your Satisfaction, he wou'd come and give you an Acquittance himſelf.

Tru. By no means, I am content, let the Dead viſit who they will for me.

Conſt. Oh fear not, Sir, he'll not trouble you; but to our Buſineſs, Sir, what you have paid I will diſcount.

Tru. And the reſt of the Money is at your Service, and my Daughter too, Sir *John*, if you have not loſt the Remembrance of her.

Conſt. To ſhew you that I have not, Mr. *Truſty*, I aſſure you ſhe will be the welcomeſt Preſent of the two.

Lov.

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Lov. Thy Buſineſs is done, *Conſtant.*

Tru. Say you ſo, Sir *John*! Well, I'll fetch the Writings, and diſpatch ſome Affairs, and then I'll carry you to my Daughter — But upon ſecond Thoughts, pleaſe to walk into my Study, 'tis more convenient.

Conſt. With all my heart, I'll follow you. —

[*Exit* Truſty.

Lov. Matters go as you cou'd wiſh; you'll be married to-night, Captain.

Conſt. I wiſh 'twere over; Egad I'd rather fight half a dozen Men, than deſcend to this raſcally way of Lying, were there any help for it; it is beneath a Soldier.

A Soldier ſcorns the whining Lover's Art;
His Courage takes Poſſeſſion of the Heart:
Diſdains by treachery to raiſe his Name,
But boldly owns the bright ambitious Flame,
And courts his Miſtreſs as he courts his Fame.

ACT III.

SCENE, Truſty *in his Study, with* Conſtant, Lovely *and* Clinch. *Papers and Money upon the Table.*

Truſty. THERE, Sir *John*, there are in theſe Bags Two and twenty hundred Pound, which with the Eight hundred I remitted Sir *Jeffrey*, is juſt Three thouſand Pound; if you pleaſe, you may count it, 'tis moſt in Gold.

Conſt. No, I'll take your Word for't; here, *Clinch*, carry it to *Drive* the Carrier, he is juſt now going to *London*; order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear?

Clin. Yes, Sir. — [*Exit with the Bags.*

Lov. He is loaden with it, ha, ha, ha.

Tru. Poor Sir *Jeffrey*, reſt his Soul, did promiſe to bate me twenty Pound a Year; for I have paid him two hundred Pounds a Year theſe ſixteen Years, for that Land which is not worth an Hundred and fourſcore.

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Lov. Say you ſo, Mr. *Truſty?* Then you muſt perform your Father's Promiſe, Sir *John.*

Conſt. Ay, when he has paid me as much as he has my Father.

Lov. Come, ſhall I ſettle Matters between you? Advance Sir *John* a hundred Pounds; you know he has been kept ſhort, and doubtleſs has occaſion for ready Money, and he ſhall bate you twenty Pound a Year.

Tru. Oh, that's all one, Mr. *Lovely* —— I can't do that.

Conſt, Nay, ſince Mr. *Lovely* has propos'd it, if you won't do that——

Tru. Well, but Sir *John,* perhaps you'll expect a large Fortune with my Daughter; I can't tell you how to——

Conſt. I aſk you for none, Sir.

Tru. Why then there's the hundred Pound; but you muſt ſignify at the bottom of this Leaſe our Bargain.

Enter Roger, *a Farmer.*

Conſt. Give it me, I'll do't. [*ſits down to write.*

Rog. Morrow Landlord, I ha' brought you a little Rent, and en troth 'tis but a little neither; for we ha' had but a ſorry Crop of Barley, and the Crows, a murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my Beans, I think.

Tru. But you have a new Landlord, *Roger.* Old Sir *Jeffrey* is dead, and there's his Son.

Rog. Say you ſo, Maſter! Bleſs you, Sir, I did not know your Father, not I, tho' I have paid him many a fair Pound——Nor I don't know you; but an you be my Landlord, I'm an honeſt Man; and tho' I ſay it, pay my Rent as well as any body.

Conſt. I don't doubt it, Friend——I am ſorry your Harveſt has not prov'd ſo good as you expected.

Rog. I hope Maſter, for Luck's ſake now, you'll 'bate me ſomething of my Rent.

Conſt. I can't do that, *Roger*——For the Taxes take away all my Money.

Rog, Nay, as you ſay, Maſter, theſe Taxes are ſad things, that's the Truth on't——Od they find out ſtrange ways; they had got a Trick here once to make one pay for one's Head——Mercy on us, I was afraid they wou'd

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wou'd make one pay for one's Tail too.——My Neighbour *What de call um*——says it coſt him the Lord knows what in Buryings and Chriſtnings.——Adod 'tis a ſore thing, a Man muſt pay for lying with his own Wife.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, 'was a Grievance indeed; but Taxes can't be help'd, ſo long as the Wars continue.

Rog. Wars! Why what need there be any Wars? Can't People live peaceably and quietly among themſelves —If they will ſquabble and play the Rogue, let 'em go to Law; can't they ſet the Lawyers to work? I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as Lambs.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha; but we are at Wars with a Prince that cares for no Laws but his own, nay he breaks them too, when 'tis his Intereſt.

Rog. Why then Mercy upon us, I ſay——Well an how! may one wiſh you much Joy? Ha, you got a Wife, Landlord? By the Meſs you are a pretty Man.—

Conſt. I'm not ſo happy yet, *Roger*.

Rog. Say you ſo? Good lack, I'm ſorry for't.—Why now here's Maſter *Truſty* has a good ſweetly look'd Gentlewoman to his Daughter—What think you of her, Landlord? —Od, and all Parties were agreed, ſhe'd make a rare Bedfellow, I'm perſuaded.

Lov. I believe Sir *John* is of your Mind; have you any Intereſt with her Father?

Rog. Not I, in troth, Maſter *Lovely*——but the Gentlewoman is of a ſweet temper.

Lov. Do you think you could perſuade her to run away with him?

Rog. Wou'd I cou'd, Sir——for a pretty Woman is the beſt Luggage in the World——for when a Man is weary, he may reſt upon it; ha, ha.

Conſt. You are waggiſh, *Roger*.

Truſty. Yes, yes, *Roger* will joke; there's your Acquittance, if Sir *John* pleaſe to ſign it.——

Conſt. 'Tis the ſame thing if you ſign it, Mr. *Truſty*. [*Signs the Note.*

Truſty. I find my Daughter ſtands fair in your Opinion, *Roger*.

Rog.

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Rog. Look ye, Sir——I hope you ar'n't angry! —I meant no harm—I ſpoke as I thought; an I had a hundred Daughters——My Landlord and Mr. *Lovely*, ſhou'd have them all, an they wou'd, ha, ha.

Conſt. I am obliged to you truly.

Lov. Oh! a hundred wou'd be too many.

Conſt. Prithee haſt thou never a ſingle one at preſent?

Rog. Not that I know of, in troth, Sir; but an you'll do me a ſmall Kindneſs, Sir, I may chance to get you one about fourteen Years hence.

Lov. That will be ſomething too long to ſtay.

Conſt. But what can I ſerve thee in Roger?

Rog. Why Mrs. *Belinda* has a kind of a Maid called *Dorothy*; I have had a hankering Mind after her theſe two Years; but the ſliving Baggage will not come to a Reſolution yet.

Truſty. You muſt apply your ſelf to my Daughter, *Roger*, ſhe'll be the beſt Advocate; but I doubt ſhe's too fine for you.

Rog. Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that, an ſhe can win Gold, as the ſaying is, e'en let her wear it.

Truſty. But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

Rog. Mayhap ſo, as you ſay; indeed I have not ſuch gay Clothes as theſe gentlefolk have, becauſe I can't afford it, de ye ſee? elſe I ſhou'd like 'em well enough—In troth, I believe I have ſome Seeds of a Gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad Cloath better than my Leathern Breeches; And a Holland Shirt, far before a Hempen one—dod methinks, I, I, I, could be well enough contented with a Bottle of Wine every day——I am mainly inclin'd to ſtrong Beer——and don't care a Farthing if I never were to drink any ſmall.

Lov. Oh! extraordinary Symptoms of a Gentleman, I'll aſſure you—Well, we'll ſpeak to *Dolly* for you.

Truſty. Ay, ay, we'll all ſpeak for you; go, go into the Cellar then, and drink thy Belly full.

Conſt. Be ſure to drink *Dolly*'s Health.

Rog. Thank you kindly, Sir——Ay, ay, Maſter, that I will, I promiſe you, in a full Horn—So Landlord, good-by to you with all my Heart.— [*Exit. Truſty.*

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Trusty. Now, Sir *John*, I'll send my Daughter to keep you Company, till I look for Leases your Father order'd me to get drawn, which if you think fit to sign ——

Canst. If the Tenants are able Men, with all my heart.

Trusty Oh! very sufficient Men, Sir *John*. [*Exit* Tr.

Lov. Well, thou hast secured the Money, *Constant*; and my Advice is to dispatch the Woman, as fast as you can, and find some Pretences to defer these Leases for two or three days —— Sir *Jeffrey* is whimsical, and if he shou'd alter his mind, and come down. ——

Const. Here wou'd be no staying for me, if he shou'd; therefore I design to be as quick as possible —— but here comes the Star that guides me to happiness.

Enter Belinda *and* Maria.

Lov. And my Pilot ——

Mar. What Voyage are you for, pray?

Lov. The everlasting Voyage of Matrimony, Child: ——and your Eyes are two such dangerous Rocks, that nothing but your Tongue can steer me into Harbour.

Mar. But any of my Sex can steer you out, you'll be for cruising from Port to Port, to make that everlasting Voyage agreeable.

Lov. No, faith, where I drop my Anchor, there my Vessel is moor'd for Life. —— Well *Constant*, what says the Lady? will she let thy *Habeas Corpus* remove her?

Bel. Out of one Prison into another, is it not so, *Constant?*

Lov. Interrogating! nay, then 'tis proper to be alone; there is a very pretty Collection of Prints in the next Room, Madam, will you give me leave to explain them to you?

Mar. Any thing that may divert your Love-Subject. [*Exit.*

Const. Can *Belinda* term my Arms a Prison?

Bel. But Marriage is a Fetter, *Constant*.

Const. I'll not make it one; I'm a true *British* Subject, I'm for Liberty and Property.

Bel. And Self-Interest, for they are inseparable.

Const. I hope our Interests are the same, and when link'd, will be the stronger. Come, Madam, consider our

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our Opportunity may be ſhort, we ought to be quick, to prevent diſcovery; I have your Father's Conſent.

Bel. Diſcovery! why what is it you fear? 'tis but reaſonable I be let into the Secret, if I'm in Danger of ſharing the Puniſhment, Sir *John*.

Con. Why that Sir *John*, *Belinda*? I know you are inform'd of all, then do not ridicule my ardent Paſſion; 'twas my Love for you that firſt inſpir'd me with this Stratagem; then prithee come, my deareſt.

[*Taking her Hand.*

Bel. Not a ſtep, ſweet Servant——I'll know upon what terms I capitulate, e're I ſurrender.——

Con. Terms! Madam! Has not *Dolly* told you of the Plot?

Bel. Yes, upon your Father and mine, Captain, but I don't think it ſafe to join in it! Suppoſe my Father be oblig'd to pay back this Money; may not that be Provocation enough to diſown me? and if your's ſhou'd for this Trick diſinherit you?——What Jointure can you make me?

Conſt. My Heart, Madam.

Bel. Pſhaw! that is the ſlippery'ſt piece in all Fortune's Treaſure——we never can be certain of that——

Conſt. Then my Soul.

Bel. Where ſhall I find it? the Learn'd can't agree where to place it; therefore I'll have no Trouble about that.

Con. Then take my Body for Bail, that I'm ſure is forth-coming.

Bel. Ay, but there's No——*Ne exeat Regnum* in Love's Court.

Conſt. To cut of all Objections, I ſettle this Money upon you; and either put it out to Intereſt, or purchaſe ſome pretty Retirement; where if *Belinda* loves but half ſo well, as I flatter'd my ſelf ſhe did, I can forſake all Courts and Company—and prefer a Grott with her, before all the Trappings of the Fools of Fortune.

Bel. Generouſly ſaid! I have tryed thee, *Conſtant*; and find thy Nature like thy Name; there take my Hand——my Heart was thine before.

Con-

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Con. *'Tis Sympathy of Souls that joins us two,*
Death only shall our Gordian Knot undo,
Bel. Until that Hour, Belinda *will be true.*
Re-enter Lovely *and* Maria.

Lov. Joy to thee, my Friend: and you, Madam, we over-heard your Proteſtations.

Con. Prithee let's fetch the Parſon this Minute.

Lov. To chuſe Ladies, we'll return inſtantly. [*Ex.*

Mar. Proſperity to *Belinda!*

Bel. Dare not you bear me Company, Girl? Have you the Heart to let me run this Hazard alone?

Mar. Why what wou'd you have me do?

Bel. Even what I deſign to do——Mary——for I'm ſure thou lov'ſt that handſome young Fellow.

Mar. I find you underſtand your own Conſtitution, *Belinda.*

Bel. So well; that if you follow my Example, you'll act as reſolutely.

Mar. Thine is a raſh Venture, if Sir *Jeffrey* ſhou'd not forgive him.

Bel. The more honourable; we have Love, and that's the beſt Eſtate in a married Life.

Mar. True, but what can we poor Women do, whoſe Parents are not inclined to gratify our Wiſhes; you know mine are ſet againſt this match.

Bel. Pugh, Parents will relent in Time,—If not Mr. *Lovely* has fortune enough to make you happy---You love him and he loves you; were I in your place, I'd fain ſee a third ſhou'd part us.

Mar. True, I do love him but will not marry him, without a Portion; he ſhall never throw that in my Diſh I reſolve.

Bel. An admirable Reſolution truly—Then you'll go on; hang your Head, croſs your Arms, ſigh your Soul into the Air—ſit up all Night like a Watch-Candle, and diſtil your Brains through your Eye-lids—for ſo I have done—no: no, Girl, e'en let us ſave our Tears, till we are married.

Mar. What, you think like moſt Wives, we ſhall have Occaſion for them then, ha, ha.

Bel

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Bel. As it may fall out Then let us marry whilſt we are young, that we may be able to bear it with the better Courage. But here's my Father over head and ears in Papers; I tremble though, to think what he will ſay when he finds the Cheat.

Enter Truſty, *with Papers in his Hand.*

Mar. And ſee who is behind him. [*Enter* Num *and* Slouch.

Bel. I have a ſudden thought how to divert my Father's Anger; when all's diſcover'd I'll put it in practice. —Sir, your humble Servant.

Num. Od, ſhe ſpeaks, *Slouch*---Nay, Madam, I'm your humble Servant.

Tru. Ha! what's that Why, Sir, I admire—hey-day where are the Gentlemen, Daughter?

Num. Gentlemen, Sir, why here is one Gentleman; indeed I can't ſay much for *Slouch*.----

Tru. Why don't you anſwer me, ha?

Bel. I know not, Sir, they went out ſoon after we entred.

Mar. They whiſper'd, Sir, and left the Room.

Tru. Ah! I don't like that----

Slou. May hap they are gone to fight for Mrs. *Belinda*. An ſhe'd marry you, Maſter now, how rarely they'd be chous'd, ha, ha.

Num. Od, ſo they wou'd as you ſay, *Slouch*---Madam, what ſay you? Mr. *Truſty* ſhall we make an end on't? I know you are a merry Man, and did but joke with me.

Tru. Say you ſo! I doubt you won't find it ſo, Sir.

Num. No! why I verily believe the Gentlewoman has a kindneſs for me, by her Looks; how ſay you, Miſtreſs? ſpeak the Truth, and ſhame the Devil, as the ſaying is—han't you?

Bel. Well, if I muſt ſpeak the Truth, 'Squire, I have as much kindneſs for you, as for any body; my Father commanded me to love.

Truſty. Ay! why what ſay you to Sir *John Conſtant*? don't you like him better?

Bel. I did once, Sir, but I don't remember I ever had your Conſent in that.

Truſty

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Truſty. You have it now then---'tis time enough; it is good to know what one has to truſt to.

Bel. Your Leave now, Sir, comes too late, he may have changed his Mind.

Truſty. No, no, you ſhall be married to-night, he ſhan't have Time to think of Change.

Num. Look ye, Sir, fair and ſoftely---he ſhall not have her to-night, mayhap---for all your haſte; *Slouch*, ſtand by me.

Slou. That I will, Maſter, in any Ground in *England*.

Mar. Humph! I gueſs her drift--- [*Aſide.*

Bel. Then 'tis time for me to think on't, Sir.

Truſty. Hey-day what's here now!

Bel. I don't like Matches huddled up in haſte; and I learnt from your Inſtructions, Sir, to conſult my future Happineſs in a marry'd State.

Num. Good again, I'faith, ha, ha.

Truſty. Your future Happineſs! why what can croſs your future Happineſs, Miſtreſs?

Num. What, will they Quarrel about me now, *Slouch*, ha?

Slou. The Woman has a woundy mind to you, I ſee that, Maſter.

Bel. Sir *John*'s Carriage is more looſe and familiar than formerly—from which I draw this Concluſion, Sir; that he thinks his Quality may now command, and when a Lover loſes Reſpect his ſincerity quickly follows. I like not the method of our Quality--The Name of Huſband without the Fondneſs, is like a Title without an Eſtate, of no value with the Wife.

Mar. I am of her Opinion, Sir.

Num. And I too, faith---Od, ſhe talks rarely; I ſhall have her, I find——In my Conſcience I love her ten times the better, becauſe I ſee ſhe loves me---and let me tell you, Sir, your Daughter is honeſter than you are---Why ſhou'd you pretend to croſs her Will? You plainly ſee, ſhe has a mind to no body but me---Mun---

Tru. I plainly ſee you are a Fool, and ſhe's another----

Num. Look ye, ſay what you will o' me, but don't affront her; for all you are her Father, I won't let my Wife be called Names, de ye ſee. *Tru.*

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Tru. Zounds, get out of my Doors.

Num. Ay, but who is the Fool then?

Bel. Pray be calm, ſince you once lik'd the Squire for a Son-in-law, I hope I ſhan't diſoblige you in preferring him before Sir *John* for a huſband.

Num. Diſoblige him! who cares if it does, Madam, come along-----

Mar. Ha, ha. If thy Father ſhou'd take thee at thy Word *Belinda?*

Bel. My Stars forbid------

Tru. Did you ever ſee ſuch a provoking Creature?

Enter Conſtant and Lovely.

Oh, Sir *John*, 'tis well you are come---Where have you been? You are in Danger of loſing your Miſtreſs here.

Conſt. I hope, Sir, I have taken the beſt way to ſecure her.

Lov. If the Parſon can do it, for we have got him in the next Room.

Bel. To Conſtant] Humour what I ſay-----

Tru. Now Miſtreſs, you had beſt bring your Objections again, and ſpoil your Fortune.

Bel. To Num.] If you dare maintain your Claim to me, I am yours.---I ſay again, Sir, I like the Squire beſt.

Num. Dare! od, I, I, I, I, dare a, a.

Con. What dare you do, Sir?

Num. What a Plague do you ſtare at ſo?

Conſt. What was that you mutter'd! what dare you do?

Num. I dare do as much as you dare do——What a Pox, I'm not to be frighted wi' Looks, mun.

Slou. Od, take heed Maſter, he has a woundy long Sword.

Num. A Sword! I care not a——for his Sword, nor him neither. [*Walks about in a heat.*

Mar. Ha, ha, ha.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, Sir *John*, this Gentleman is a Perſon whom I eſteem.

Num. Ay, Sir, and one that ſhe intends to marry too.

Conſt. Marry! when, Sir?

Num.

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Num. When she pleases, Sir; now, an you'll lend us your Parson?

Lov. Ay, 'tis fit you ask him leave indeed!

Const. I'll lend you my Sword in your Guts first.

Num. Your Sword in my Guts——*Slouch*, give me your Cudgel. [*Snatches his Stick.*

Slouch. Ads blead, clear the way, clear the way; I'll turn the 'Squire loose to any Man in *Somersetshire*.

Num. Come, out with your Spit, mun——Wounds and I don't make ye put it up again, I'll ne'er strike stroke more.

Const. The Devil, he'll knock me down. [*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

Tru. Oh don't draw Sir *John*——lay down your stick, Sir, and get you about you business, or you'll oblige me to use you worse than I am willing to do.

Mar. Excellent Sport, ha, ha.

Lov. Incomparable, ha ha.

Bel. Who cou'd have thought the Lout so couragious—Oh pray let us have no fighting.

Tru. You have had your Answer, Sir, therefore pray be gone Quietly.

Bel. You 'fright me out of my Wits 'Squire; pray go out of my Father's House peaceably; if you love me, do, we'll find some other way.

Num. Love ye, yes, I do love you; or what makes me in such a Passion, think you? Well, well, I will go out——Look ye, Sir, an you be a Man, follow me; I'll box fairly with you now, for half a Crown, and this Gentleman shall hold stakes, and see fair play—— If you dare now?

Lov. Fie, fie, 'Squire, Gentlemen do't use to box.

Const. Box, ye Blockhead ha, ha, ha.

Num. Blockhead!——Zounds, I'll learn you to call Names. [*Strips of his Coat.*

Slou. Come on, Sirrah, I'll fight with you at the same time—[*begins to strip*] I'll stand by Master, for the honnour of *Somersetshire*.

Clin. Death, you shamble-ham'd Dog! I'll beat your Head off—— [*Gives him a Box of the Ear.*

Num.

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Num. Ay! are you there? faith come on——come on. [*Falls foul upon* Clinch.

Lov. Hold, hold, two to one is odds. [*Parts them.*

Clin. Let me alone, Sir, egad I'll fight 'em both.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, what do you do, 'squire, fight with a Footman! pray leave off or you'll diſoblige me for ever.

Tru. Oh Lord, oh Lord! what ſhall I do?

Num. What care I.

Man. What don't you care for your Miſtreſs?

Num. Yes, yes, but I won't be made a Fool on; but I will go——an I were ſure you wou'd not be forc'd to marry this ſame ſpark——I won't leave you in the lurch, Madam.

Bel. No, no, 'Squire, they ſhall not force me, I promiſe you.

Num. Then I go——but look to't, an I catch you out of this Houſe; by the Maſs I'll rib you [*Exit.*

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Tru. Adod, I was out of all Patience with the Fool—Come take her by the hand, Sir *John*, you ſhall be married this Minute, we'll ſettle buſineſs afterward.

Bel. Indeed, Sir, you'll repent this haſty Match.

Con. What means *Belinda?*

Bel. You ſhall know within.

Tru. Get along——in my ſoul, I think the whole Compoſition of Women is Contradiction. [*Ex. omnes.*

SCENE *Sir* David's *Houſe.*

Enter Faithful *and* Coachman.

Faith. There, honeſt Coachman, drink my Health; but pray can't I ſpeak with the Gentlewoman of the Houſe?

Coach. Sir *David* has no Wife, Sir; but here is a young Lady, I'll call her Maid; Mrs *Lucy*, Mrs *Lucy*, Here's a Gentleman wou'd ſpeak with your Miſtreſs.—

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A Gentleman! bleſs me, how came you to let a Man in, *Thomas*, in Sir *David*'s Abſence?

Coach.

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Coach. Sir *David* bid me himself, or you may be sure I had not done it. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit Coach.*

Lucy. What do I see? Mr. *Faithful.*

Faith. The same! How fares my Love, my dearest *Laura?* Quick, bring me to her, I am impatient till I see her.

Lucy. Nay, nay, she wou'd be as impatient as you, if she knew you were here. But by what Miracle did you prevail with Sir *David?*

Faith. Prithee ask no Questions—I'll inform thy Lady; haste, my time's but short, therefore must improve it.

Lucy. Well, follow me then. [*Ex.*

The SCENE *draws, and discovers Mrs.* Laura *at her Spinet.*

After the Song. Enter Lucy *and* Faithful

Lau. What did that Blockhead bawl so for, *Lucy?*

Lucy. To have an Acquaintance of yours admitted, Madam.

Lau. An Acquaintance of mine!——ha! my dear *Faithful!* am I awake? and is it really he?

Faith. My dearest Love.--[*run into one another's Arms.* Oh let me hold thee here for ever, for ever taste the Nectar on these Lips——There is still the same Fragrancy, as when we parted last.

Lau. Oh! it was a fatal parting——say my Love, how cam'st thou here? for the old Monster allows no Mortal to visit me.

Faith. By Stratagem, my Dear; he sent me hither in his Coach, yet knows not I am come; thou shalt have the Story at more convenient leisure; but now let us employ our time to advantage.

Lau. Heavens! how I tremble! he'll soon be back, for he's never out above half an Hour. *Lucy*, watch below. [*Ex.*] What can this short interview avail us? which way shall I get out of his power? The nauseous Goat told *Lucy* he design'd to marry me himself and casts such loving Looks every time he sees me, that I am half distracted, lest he should give his horrid Passion vent.

Faith

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Faith. Ha! Confound his Paſſion with himſelf —— conſent to fly with me to a Friend's Houſe in Town, where we will be married, and put it out of his Power to confine thee.

Lau. With all my Heart——My Priſon is ſo odious to me, I need but ſmall intreaties to make me quit it ——this is the Cloſet he keeps my Writings in; if we cou'd contrive to get them along with us, or he'll give us trouble enough to get them out of his hand, here— don't you think one might wrinch it open?

Faith, So he may proſecute us for a Robbery.

Lau. Let him, I'll meddle with nothing of his.

Enter Lucy, *haſtily.*

Lucy. Oh, Madam! there's Sir *David* in a violent Paſſion, beating all the Servants in before him.

Lau. Undone! What ſhall I ſay? what will become of thee?

Faith. Sink the Villain——have patience my deareſt, take no thought for me; ſeem not to know me; pretend ſurprize, and beg me to be gone; leave the reſt to me.

Enter Sir David, *beating his Men in upon the Stage.*

Sir *Dav.* Ye Dogs, what have ye done, ha?

Coach. What do you beat me for? Did you not bid me carry him home?

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, not to my home, you Raſcal.

[*Beats him.*

Faith. What do you mean, Madam, by ſaying you don't know me; 'ſdeath, did not I lodge here laſt Night?

Sir *Dav.* How's this? how's this?

Lau. No indeed, Sir, I never ſaw you before; neither do we lett Lodgings, then pray be anſwer'd.

Faith. A very pretty trick, faith! What, have you a mind to cheat me of my Horſes, and my Portmanteau —Look ye, Madam, this won't paſs upon me.

Sir. *Dav.* No, nor upon me, neither, Sir.

Faith. Sir, your humble Servant; I think I have had the Honour to ſee you ſomewhere. I am in diſpute with this Gentlewoman here; ſhe'd fain perſuade me I have miſtook my Inn,—and that I did not lie here laſt Night.

Sir

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Sir *Dav.* Lie here! Why, do you take this Lady for an Hoſteſs, Sir?

Faith. Nay, Sir, ſhe is very handſome—but why the Devil muſt Beauty make her deny her Calling.—Ad, you Country Gentlemen do ſo kiſs and flatter your landladies, that e'gad, they don't know where their Tails hang—but we make them know themſelves in *London*—Once more, will you call your Servants?

Sir *Dav.* Oh the Devil! ye Dogs, I'll be reveng'd on you. [*Beats his Servants, they run off.*

Sam. The Fault's not mine, Sir; *Thomas* bid me let him in.

Faith. What, no Attendance yet? So, ho, Tapſter, Chamberlain—Pray Sir ſit down—I warrant I'll make ſome body hear—Heark ye, you Miſtreſs—You are not above your Buſineſs too, are you? [*To* Lucy.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, I ſhall go diſtracted.

Lucy. Pray Sir know your way out, don't think I'm one of your Wenches.

Faith. Good lack, ha, ha, what are you a fine Lady too? the Devil! Sure this is a Bawdy-houſe.—

Sir *Dav.* I dare ſwear you'd make it one if you cou'd.—

Faith. Sir, I take this for an extraordinary Inn—Pray do me the favour to ſit—I'll beat the Chamber down, but I'll make ſome-body come up. So, ho, the Houſe here.— [*Stamps.*

Sir *Dav.* A plague ſplit you, what do you make all this Noiſe for? oh, oh.

Lau. Pray, Sir *David*, humour the Gentleman, for I fancy he is a little beſide himſelf.

Sir *Dav.* Humour the Devil! Hell and Furies! This muſt be ſome Roguue—Here, where are you, Raſcals?

Enter Servants.

Faith. Ay Scoundrels, where are you? Ye Dogs, what is the reaſon we can have no Attendance? [*Strikes one of them.*] Fetch us a Bottle of Claret, Sirrah, and bring us word what we can have to eat—

Sir *Dav.* Bring a Bottle of Claret! Bring a Halter—What do you ſtrike my Servants for? ha, Sir.

Faith.

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Faith. Your Servants, Sir! They are my Servants, as long as I pay for what I call for—Ho! I find you are the Landlord of this well-govern'd Inn—Make your People more tractable, do you hear, Sir? Or I shall not only beat them, but you too.—Death, ye Villains, why don't your stir? [*Strikes another.*

Lau. What will be the end of this? All my Comfort lies in his Assurance.—

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, let him stir if he dares—Get out of my House, Sirrah, or I'll lay you by the Heels; don't put your Shams upon us—Don't bully here; I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach—But I find you are a Rogue, and either designed to rob my House, or ravish this Lady—Fetch me a Constable quickly; the Devil! I'll box with you, if you're for Boxing—Get into that Room, *Laura*, I'll deal with him I warrant ye.— [*Puts* Laura *in.*

Lau. Oh unfortunate! How shall I ever see him again? [*Exit.*

Faith. I'll be here about an Hour hence before this Door. [*To* Lucy.

Lucy. Ay! but to what purpose?

Sir *Dav.* I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach.

Faith. Wounded, Sir! why so I am, and my Wounds bleed afresh with Vexation—Was it your Coach! I find I was mistaken then, you are not my Landlord; I ask your pardon, Sir.

Enter Manage, *running.*

Sir *Dav.* Rot your Pardon—How now, who the Devil are you, Sir?

Man. I am this Gentleman's Servant—Bless me, Sir, what do you do here? Why Sir *John* and Mr. *Lovely* have been searching all the Town for you; they brought a Surgeon to the *Talbot*, and not finding you there, nor no where else, sent me to ask this Gentleman's Coachman where he drove you to, and swear if you be not found presently, they'll indict the Coachman for your Murther.

Sir *Dav.* I wou'd you were all hang'd for Company; why what a plaguy Mistake was here?—

Faith.

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Faith. Ha! a lucky Hint—Bleſs me, Sir, I am under the greateſt Confuſion imaginable; can you forgive me, Sir? Upon my Honour, I thought I had been in my Inn; I aſk a thouſand Pardons, pray excuſe me to the Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Sir, never trouble your Head about the Lady.

Faith. Why Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Sir *Dav.* A Gentleman, Sir! And what then, Sir?

Faith. And am Maſter of an Eſtate to ſupport that Character, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, was ever Man ſo plagu'd, to have his Servants kick'd about like Foot-balls, his Houſe thunder'd about his Ears like a common Inn, then to be told impudently, I'm a Gentleman, and have an Eſtate to ſupport that Character?

Faith. I aſk your pardon agen, Sir, for the unlucky Accident, in miſtaking your Houſe; but cannot apprehend what Crime I have committed in my Apology,

Sir *Dav.* Sir, without any manner of Apology, I wou'd be very proud to wait on you down ſtairs.

Faith. By no means, Sir——I muſt not permit that.

Sir *Dav.* Death and the Devil, be gone without it, then.

Faith. That I will, Sir; but intreat the favour of ſeeing the Lady firſt; upon Honour I was never ſo concern'd in my Life: I wou'd not for Five hundred Pound quit the Houſe, 'till I have convinc'd her of my Error, and made my acknowledgment upon my Knees.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, here's the Devil to do about her ——Which way ſhall I get rid of him?

Faith. Pray Miſtreſs, inform the Lady of my Reſolution. [*To* Lucy.

Sir *Dav.* Hark ye, Huſwife, ſtir out of this place, and I'll break your Neck down ſtairs.

Faith. Why then I muſt be guilty of a ſecond Rudeneſs to acquit my ſelf of the firſt, I think that's the Room the Lady went into, Sir. [*Going towards the Door.*

Sir *Dav.* Hold, hold, hold, Sir; where the Devil are you going?——Zounds, advance one Step farther, and I'll indict you for a Robbery.

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Faith. Well, ſince you are ſo poſitive, Sir, I will be gone; but pray, Sir, is that Lady your Grand-daughter, Daughter, Neice, Couſin, or, or———

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, Sir, do you hear that and tremble.

Faith. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart and Soul———Your moſt obedient humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* The Devil go with you.

Man. to Lucy] My Maſter has not a Souſe of Money, elſe you wou'd not want your Fee. We were robb'd coming down. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, Sir, what do you loiter here for? Why don't you get after your Maſter? Go, troop. [*Turns him out.*

Sir *Dav.* What do you ſauntring here, get in to your Miſtreſs! What does your Chops water at the ſight of a Man, ha?

Lu. I'm ſure you are the worſt Sight I cou'd have ſeen at preſent. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* I don't underſtand this Miſtake tho'——He is a ſtrapping young Dog; I wiſh *Laura* had not ſeen him——But I'll go ſee if he is gone, leſt there ſhou'd be more Roguery at the bottom. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter on one ſide Faithful *and* Manage; *on the other* Conſtant *and* Clinch.

Con. *Faithful*, well met, I was going in ſearch of thee; my Affairs are ended, what Hopes of thine? Did the Project turn to thy Advantage?

Faith. It gave me entrance to the charming Fair, who receiv'd me with equal Tranſport; but juſt as ſhe conſented to come away with me, the old Fox return'd ———A Curſe of his Diligence———

Man.

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Man. I came timely to my Master's Rescue, Sir; and when his Pockets are repleniſh'd, I hope he'll own it.

Faith. That I will *Manage*.

Con. 'Tis now in my power to lend thee Twenty Pieces, Friend——There they are—— [*Gives Money.*

Faith. I thankfully accept them; and next the finiſhing my own Wiſhes, I am pleas'd thou haſt gain'd thine; but after what Method to purſue mine, Heaven knows: I told *Lucy* I wou'd be about the Door in an Hour, but I know not if 'twill be in *Laura*'s power to get out, or what can diſguiſe me; Sir *David* will certainly know me again, if he ſees me——The Time is well nigh expir'd.

Man. I have a Thought!——Cou'd you procure my Maſter a Red, or Blue Coat, in this Town, think you, Sir?

Con. I have my Regimental Surtout I rid down in, you know.

Man. Right, that will do; I told him I ſerv'd an Officer; I warrant we'll paſs upon him——Come, ſtrip *Clinch*, ſtrip; give me my Cloaths again—— [*Strips and changes with* Clinch *again.*] But 'tis neceſſary, Sir, that you change your Wigg too.

Con. And what if you put a Patch croſs your Cheek, like a Scar?

Faith. With all my heart——I muſt, and will redeem her, or cut his Throat.

Con. Nay, Twenty thouſand Pound gives an edge to Invention.

Clin. So now I am in *Statu quo*.

Faith. Were ſhe not Miſtreſs of a Groat, I ſhou'd prefer her before the moſt celebrated Beauty in the Kingdom; our infant Years firſt ſowed the ſeeds of Love, which, as we grew, ripen'd to a perfect Paſſion! her Parents dying, left her to the Care of mine; oh in what pleaſure have we paſt the Day, and quarrell'd with the Night that call'd us from each other! Whilſt I made the Campaign with you, Captain, my Father died! Oh fatal Thought, her Friends remov'd her to this Sir *David Watchum*'s, 'tis twelve Months ſince, during

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which time, till now, I never cou'd find means to ſee or hear from her.

Con. I know the Story perfectly well, and wiſh thou may'ſt ſucceed with all my Soul; but I find he is upon his Guard———

Faith. If he cou'd ſummon Hell to guard her, I will by Policy or Force releaſe her.

Man. Why then, pray reſolve upon which immediately; ſhall we lay open Siege, or blockade his Cittadel. The Head muſt always work before the Hand——— Now 'tis neceſſary, e're we attempt, to know the weakeſt and ſtrongeſt Parts; then we open our Trenches and cannonade the Place, ruin their Ramparts, make a Breach, and then give the Aſſault, take the old Rogue by the Throat, plunder his Caſtle, and carry off the Booty———Which is the Lady, Sir?

Con. Ha, ha, ha, *Manage* talks like a Soldier.

Faith. Ah, if we cou'd do that, *Manage!* I have good Intereſt in the Town———And they have notice of my Coming

Man. So much the better; the more Friends we have in the Garriſon, the ſooner we ſhall become Maſters of it——Well, as I am chief Engineer, and half the Artillery, I muſt ſurvey the Ground to find the moſt convenient Place to raiſe my Battery. But away, away, Sir, and diſguiſe your ſelf; the Drum beats——leave the reſt to Fortune, ſhe cannot always run againſt us——I have known the Sun riſe upon a private Centinel, who before his Setting was a Captain of Foot——Nothing like Diligence and Courage to nick the fickle Jade.

Con. Come, thou ſhalt be dreſs'd in a Moment.

[*Ex. omn.*

SCENE, *The Out-ſide of Sir* David's *Houſe*; *Sir* David *in the Garden before his Door.*

Sir *Dav.* I remember a ſaying of a certain Philoſopher, That nothing is harder to keep than a ſecret; but I think 'tis ten times harder to keep a handſome Woman——— I am ſtrangely affected with this laſt Accident; and then the t'other Rogue that was here in the Morning, that ſerves

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ſerves an Officer-------A pox on theſe Officers-------for they have more Stratagems in their Heads, than all the Kingdom beſides. But I have order'd the Smith to barricade my Windows, from the Cellar to the Garret; he'll be here immediately, but *Laura* muſt not ſee him -------Poor Girl, ſhe's terribly frighted at my Dog of a Coachman's Miſtake; I have invited her into the Garden, here ſhe and her Maid comes.

Enter Laura *and* Lucy.

Lau. What favourable Devil, *Lucy*, has procur'd us this Liberty? It happens as I wou'd have it, if *Faithful* be but here now.

Lucy. I'm amaz'd-----For 'tis the firſt freſh open Air you have breath'd theſe twelve Months, Madam. But ſuppoſe Mr. *Faithful* ſhou'd be here! Yonder's the old *Argos*, he reſolves to watch you, I ſee.

Lau. Nay then!

Sir *Dav.* Well, Madam, how do you after your Fright? I ſent for you into the Garden, to take the Air ----The Air is good after a Fright----

Lau. Ay, if one cou'd change the Place too, Sir *David*; but the Air of my Chamber and this is much the ſame ----- But let me be where I will, if you are there, I find no Difference in the Air ------- I know not what ails me, but when I ſee you, I ſigh as often as I draw Breath.

Sir *Dav.* Ha! ſhe loves me! Oh happy *David*----- Indeed, Madam! And are thoſe ſighs pleaſant or painful, pray?

Lau. Oh very painful, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Then you muſt have a Huſband to cure thoſe Sighs, Child.

Faithful *and* Manage *appear between the Scenes.*

Faith. She's here! Oh the charming Maid----but that old Monſter is with her.

Sir *Dav.* What think you of a married Life, *Laura?*

Lau. Of nothing better ------ I might diſſemble like many of my Sex; exclaim againſt Marriage and Mankind; profeſs to die in a Cloyſter, or a Maid at large, ---Maſk my real Inclinations, feign Indifference to Love, and place all my Happineſs in my own Sex-----but I have

 a Heart

a Heart too ſincere; and therefore frankly own, that the utmoſt of my Ambition is to be a Wife.

Faith. To me, ſhe means ----- Oh how ſhall I deliver her!

Lucy. Well ſaid, Madam; why ſhou'd a Lady loſe the Prime of her youth, when ſhe may do ſo much in her Generation? I reſolve to follow your Example to a hair.

Sir *Dav.* Good Wits jump----I reſolve to marry too; I have every day freſh Offers, very advantageous Offers, but my Heart is prepoſſeſs'd dear *Laura*, for I will own it now, I love you exceedingly.

Lucy. So, now 'tis out.

Sir *Dav.* More, if poſſible, than you love me.

Lau. That's very poſſible, truly.

Faith. Love her! Oh the rank old Goat; Death! that Confeſſion has made me loſe all Patience.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, pray be content a little.

Sir *Dav.* Come, don't bluſh, *Laura*, thy Sighs betray'd thy Love, but I'm diſcreet.

Faith. Now do I long to tell him he lyes in his Throat.

Man. 'Egad, Sir, you had better loſe your longing at this time.

Lau. What do you ſay, Sir ---that I love you! your Opinion is ſmall Proof of your Diſcretion.

Sir *Dav.* Why ſo, Child?

Lau. Becauſe you never was more miſtaken in your Life; for inſtead of loving you, I hate you mortally.

Faith. Oh bleſſed Sound!

Sir *Dav.* Really! but why ſo, prithee?

Lau. Nay, you love without Reaſon; and perhaps I hate by the ſame Rule.

Lucy. Well, Sir, if her declaration be not ſo kind as you wou'd have it, it is not the leſs ſincere.

Sir *Dav.* Is it not, Gilflirt, after what I have done for her?

Lau. Yes, you have done for me, I thank you, Sir.

Lucy. Nay, pray be not angry, but ſtate the Caſe right.

Lau.

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Lau. If Love has render'd me charming in your Eyes, conſider how he has drawn you in mine.

Lucy. She's amiable, you ugly---ſhe's gay, you moroſe ---ſhe's Generous---you a Miſer---ſhe's ſixteen---you ſixty---ſhe has the fineſt Teeth in the World----You but one in your Head, and that ſhakes, and the firſt Fit of Coughing, good-by to it.

Man. A Deviliſh Wench ----- She has drawn him to a Hair.

Lau. Mark *Lucy*'s Deſcription, and then tell me if theſe be not irreſiſtible Charms, for one of my Age and Conſtitution.

Lucy. What Woman do you think, Sir, on this ſide fourſcore, wou'd have ſuch a Bedfellow?

Sir *Dav.* She ſhall, Miſtreſs, or ſhe ſhall have no body, mark that; and your Witticiſms, Mrs. *Frippery*, ſhall get you nothing---How now! who do you want?

[Faithful *and* Manage *come forward.*

Lau. My dear *Faithful!* I know him in all Diſguiſes; how ſhall I forbear running into his Arms?

Lucy. Have a care, Madam, if you diſcover you know him, you'll never ſee him more; *Manage* has ſome Plot in his Head, by his winking.

Sir *Dav.* What is it you look at, Sir! why don't you ſpeak?

Man. Be calm, Sir, and take no notice of the Lady.

Faith. I was ſo charm'd with the fineneſs of the Proſpect in that Moment you ſpoke, Sir, I was not maſter of my Tongue.

Sir *Dav.* And now you are Maſter of it, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Faith. Nothing, Sir; only having the misfortune to break my Chariot------I took a walk this way, till it is put in order again; and coming by this Houſe, my Man told me that you entertain'd ſome hard thoughts of him, from ſome diſcourſe that paſs'd between you to-day------ ſo I preſum'd to call, to clear his Reputation.

Sir *Dav.* This is the Officer! A Rogue in red now; and the Simple-hunter with him---I don't like 'em---As for that, Sir, you need not give your ſelf farther trouble, for I have nothing to do with his Reputation, nor yours neither.

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Faith. I hope 'tis no offence to look about me a little; this Houſe is finely ſituated—'Tis the beſt Air I have breath'd this Twelve-month.

Sir *Dav.* Pox of your Compliment — That's your Miſtake Sir ; 'tis the worſt Air in the Univerſe——— Let me adviſe you to get out of it as faſt as you can ; for 'tis very fatal to Strangers.

Lau. He tells you truth, Sir; for ever ſince I breathed this Air. I have neither, eat, drank, or ſlept with Eaſe.

Faith. I am ſorry for that, Madam ; but I find a quite contrary effect ; methinks I feel new life, and I have a ſtrong hope to carry off the Health I wiſh.

Sir *Dav.* I wiſh, Sir, your Legs wou'd be pleaſed to carry off your Body.

Faith. Sir, I will not be troubleſome——but I deſire you wou'd give me Leave to take a view of your Gardens; I have bought me a ſmall Seat in a Country Village, and I deſign to have a pretty Garden made.

Sir *Dav.* Ah! wou'd you were buried in the Garden—go, get in, Gentlewoman, go——he has no buſineſs with you, you don't belong to the Garden.

Man. [*To* Lucy.] Find ſome way to bring your Lady down again ; do you hear ; let her pretend——— [*Whiſpers to* Lucy.

Lucy. Yes, yes, I hear ; but how to put it in practice, I know not.

Lau. I am diſtracted! Oh Invention! where art thou? help my Brains or ceaſe to think.

Sir *Dav.* What do you loiter for, ha? get in———

Lucy. Sir *David*, you uſe us like ſlaves ; ſend us in and out at pleaſure—Is my Lady a Perſon to be treated ſo by her Guardian? Theſe twelve Months we have not ſeen the ſhadow of any Hat but yours—I'm ſure nothing that's Male has reach'd our Eyes.

Sir *Dav.* Why how now Mrs. Prate-apace? if you don't like your living, troop off. Go—there are more ſervants to be had.

Faith. I ſhall certainly diſcover my ſelf, if he goes on at this rate——Sir, I had rather quite this place immediately, than you ſhou'd incommode the Ladies.

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Lau.

Lau. Pray Sir *David*, mind your own Servants, you ſhall never have any power over mine. Let me adviſe you to tarry till to-morrow; 'tis dangerous travelling too late, let me intreat you ſtay in this Town till to morrow—What ſaid *Manage* to you *Lucy?*

Lucy. Ay, pray take my Lady's Advice, Sir. You ſhall know within; take Courage, Madam.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, get in, I believe you want to lie with him all Night, you are ſo concerned for his ſtay.

Lucy. I hope ſome brave Man will attempt the reſcue of my miſtreſs. [*He puſhes 'em in.*

Faith. My Heart ſwells at theſe Indignities, and I cou'd ſhake his detected rotten ſoul, out of its wither'd Sapleſs Carcaſe.

Man. Be eaſy, Sir, Paſſion will do us no good—I have ſomething in my Head may hit, perhaps.

Faith. I am ſorry, Sir, I ſhou'd be the cauſe of your being Angry with your Daughter.

Sir *Dav.* My Daughter!

Faith. I aſk your Pardon Sir, may be 'tis your Wife.

Sir *Dav.* She ſhall be e're long, Sir.

Faith. You ſhall be worms meat firſt. [*Aſide.* I had better knock him down, and fetch her out this moment.

Man. And the next moment fetches you to Goal. Indeed, Sir, you had better keep your temper—You have made a very excellent choice, Sir; wou'd all Huſbands manage their Wives ſo, we ſhou'd not have ſo many Coquets abroad.

Sir *Dav.* I don't deſign my Wife ſhall follow the way of the World.

Man. Second him, Sir, keep him in talk a little—

Faith. You do well, Sir, 'tis below a Man to let his Wife rule, and rattle where ſhe pleaſes; to viſit, and be viſited by half the Fops of the Nation; for my part, had I a Wife, I ſhou'd follow your Method.

Sir *Dav.* 'Egad, I believe I was miſtaken in this Gentleman. I wiſh, Sir, I had this Lecture read to ſome that blame me for my Conduct.

Man. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll go into your Houſe, and write it down this moment! it ſhan't coſt you a Farthing, Sir.

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Sir *Dav.* I'll not give you the trouble, Sir, I ſhall remember it.

Enter Lucy, *haſtily.*

Lucy. Oh! undone, undone; help, help; oh Sir *David!* what have you brought upon us?

Sir *Dav.* What the Devil do you bawl ſo for;

Lucy. Oh! the ſaddeſt Accident has befallen my poor Lady!——

Faith. Hh! her Lady, ſaid ſhe?

Man. Peace, Sir, and mind the Plot——

[*Aſide to* Faithful.

Sir *Dav.* What Accident, ha? You roar as if ſhe had broke a Leg, or an Arm.

Lucy. Worſe, Sir, worſe, much worſe; ſhe's mad, Sir.——

Sir *Dav.* Mad!

Lucy. Ay, Diſtracted, Sir——When you thruſt us in, ſhe found the Smith barricading her Windows; aſſoon as ever ſhe laid her Eyes upon the Iron Bars, her Looks grew wild; her ſudden Starts and broken ſpeeches convince me of her Brain being turn'd——When before I was aware——ſhe catch'd up an Iron Bar, and broke the Blackſmith's Pate; ſhe beat her Head againſt the Wall——runs, ſkips, ſings, dances, ſtamps, raves and throws all the things about the Room——I wou'd have ſhut her in but ſhe ſet up ſuch a Roar, that I left the Door open, and fled for my Life.——Make the beſt of your Plot, *Manage*—— [*Aſide*

Man. Ay, ay, let me alone.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy on us; what ſhall I do?

Lucy. Here ſhe comes, oh my poor Lady!—— with your great Baſe Viol in her hand; oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Dav.* Oh the Devil! if ſhe breaks my Baſe, I had rather loſe five Pounds: Oh, oh, oh.

Man. Have Patience, Sir, I may be ſerviceable to you in this Affair, as little Opinion as you had of my ſkill to-day.

Enter Laura, *with a Baſe and Papers; her Cloaths awkwardly hanging.*

Lau. *Give me Liberty and Love,*
Give me Love and Liberty,

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From

From an Iron Grate,
And the Man I hate,
Dear Fortune ſet me free.

Faith. What deſign you by this, *Manage?*

Man. To put you in poſſeſſion of your Miſtreſs, before I have done, Sir, if you'll be but quiet.

Lau. What, are you a Blackſmith? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Oh pox o' the Blackſmith, how ſhe harps upon him?——

Lau. Ho! now I know you, you are a ſinging maſter.

Sir *Dav.* A ſinging maſter! good lack, good lack——

Lau. Here is a Piece of Muſick, which I have juſt now received from *London*; 'tis part of the laſt new Opera——there, there, there's a Part for you. [*Gives Sir* David *a Paper.*] Ha! are not you the new Eunuch? Ay, 'tis he! here, here, here's your part.

[*Gives* Faithful *a Letter.*

Faith. A Letter, Oh! for an opportunity to read it.

[*Draws off by Degrees.*

Lau. *Give me Liberty and Love,*
Give me Love and Liberty——Come, why don't you ſing. (*To Sir* David.) (*She beats Time all the this while, with her hand upon his Head, and with her Foot upon his Toes.*

Sir *Dav.* Poor *Laura*, I can't ſing, Child——Zounds, Death and the Devil ſhe has kill'd my Toe.

Lau. What won't you ſing, I'll break the Fiddle then.

Lucy. Pray, Sir *David*, humour her.

Man. Let me adviſe you, Comply with her, Sir; ſhe's poſſeſs'd and with a very miſchievous Dæmon.

Lau. Come begin. *Give me Liberty and Love.*

Sir *Dav.*
Lucy.
Man. } *Give me Liberty and Love.* (*They all ſing whilſt* Faithful *reads.*

Faith. (Reads.) *Dear* Faithful, *find ſome way to deliver me, or what I now act in jeſt, will follow in earneſt; I have all my jewels and Writings about me; for I have broke the old Man's Cloſet for them, and I'll find a way to get Money preſently.*——*Yours entirely,* Laura.

Yes,

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Yes, I will deliver thee, or die for it. *Manage*, read that. *(Gives him the letter.*

Man. Recommend me for a white Witch to Sir *David*; let me alone for the reſt.

Faith. Poor Lady! I am extremely concerned for her Sir; pray conſult my Servant about her Diſtemper; in my Opinion ſhe's bewitch'd.

Sir *Dav.* I doubt ſo too, Sir; has he really ſkill in theſe matters?

Faith. No Man in the Kingdom more, I aſſure you, he has cur'd ſeveral to my knowledge, both in *Spain* and *Flanders*.

Lau. Why do you look at me ſo? Did you never ſee an old Woman before? I'd have you to know, Miſtreſs, I have been as handſome as you—but Age alters every body—I have been the Mother of ſixteen Children—all Boys—Heark ye, let me Council you—don't marry an old Fellow.

Lucy. No, why ſo pray?

Lau. Becauſe your Youth will renew his Age—and you'll be plagu'd with him to eternity—I married an old fuſty Guardian, becauſe I cou'd not get out of his hands; which is the reaſon why you ſee ſo many Wrinkles in my Face, ha, ha, ha. In my conſcience there he ſtands—What, can I go no where but you muſt follow me------you old crippling Cuckold you------ Look ye how angry he is now at being called Cuckold—. Yet he would marry a young Wife---ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy upon us! how do ſuch things come in her head?

Faith. The Wildneſs of her Fancy.----

Enter Manage.

Man. I'll do your buſineſs for you, Sir; I have conſulted the Stars, and find ſhe is bewitch'd by an old Woman.

Sir *Dav.* By an old Woman! Ay indeed ſhe talks of an old Woman.

Man. It is a very troubleſome ſpirit that is in her, and muſt be charm'd out into another, or ſhe can't be cur'd---Tell me, Sir, can you procure any body for that purpoſe?

Sir

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Sir *Dav.* Here's her maid won't she do?

Lucy. What! Do you think I'd have the Devil put into me, Sir, I ask your pardon for that.

Lau. Hearke! There's my Drum beating up for Volunteers—What say you my Lads, are you for the Wars? Her Majesty has honour'd me with a Colonel's Commission; I'm just now raising my Regiment—you shall all serve under me: Come—hold, now I think on't, I want a hundred Guineas to raise Men with—Hearke ye, won't you lend me a hundred Guineas? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Lack-a-day, it makes me weep, to see how many sorts of Madnesses possess her.

Man. A good thought for some money—Humour her Sir, whatever she asks for, let her have.

Lau. Lend me a hundred Guieneas, I say, or my Soldiers shall batter your House about your Ears.

Lucy. For Heavens sake, Sir, give 'em her, you'll have them again safe.

Faith. I wou'd advise you to let her have 'em, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, be sure you take care of them; there, there is threescore in that Purse, you may tell her there is a hundred; but take care I have them again. [*To* Lucy.

Man. Ay, when we have nothing else to do with them. [*Aside.*

Lau. Give it me——so now my Boys will you serve the Queen?

Man. Ay, with all my heart, under you, Sir.

Lau. There then, there's Gold for you, Sirrah; [*Gives him a Guinea.*] and what say you, you are a handsome proper Fellow, six Foot high—I'll make you Serjeant of the Grenadiers—What say you, will you serve under me?

Man. Humph! He wou'd rather serve her another way, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Faith. And know no Joy beyond it; serve ye!—— by Heaven, that I will, with my Life; command me, Colonel, I'll follow you through all Difficulties and Dangers; and die by your side, or bring you off safe.

Lau. Then there's Money, my Hero, to forward our Designs. [*Gives him the Purse.*

Sir

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Sir *Dav.* Hold, hold, *Laura,* you muſt not give away your Money? *Lucy* take care on't. I hope, Sir, you'll return the Money.

Faith. Certainly, Sir.

Lucy. I'll ſee to that, Sir.

Lau. Return the Money, to whom? They are my Soldiers, and the Money mine — I borrow'd it of the moſt confounded old Rogue in *Peterborough*; tell him I ſay ſo — but you look like an honeſt Man, I'll make you a Corporal; — Come, let me ſee you exerciſe, Serjeant.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, oh Lord!

Lau. Serjeant take heed; to the right and left by half Flanks — form Files upon the Flanks of the Battalion — March — ha, ha, you are curſed dull, Serjeant —

Faith. I am a little aukard at firſt, Colonel, but ſhall learn. [*Stamps.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh!

Lau. Well, well, I'll teach you then — Silence, join your right hand to your Firelock ——— Cock your Firelock ——— Preſent; Fire — Excellent.

Give me Liberty and Love.
Give me Love and Liberty. [*Sings.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh ſad, oh ſad! what ſhall I do? Pray Sir deſire your Man to try his Skill.

Faith. Manage, the Gentleman implores your Aid.

Man. I am ready, if he can find any body to make the Experiment; It muſt be a Man, Sir---- will you endure it your ſelf?

Sir *Dav.* No, faith and troth not I!

Faith. Well, Sir, to do you and the Lady Service, I'll venture- ---but take care, *Manage,* that you bring the Devil out of me again-----

Man. Yes, Sir, that I can eaſily; for he is not half ſo hard to get out of a Man, as he is out of a Woman.

Sir *Dav.* Good lack! what ſhould the Reaſon of that be, I wonder! [*Aſide.*] Sir, I thank you heartily — a very worthy Gentleman this. ——— Well, what muſt I do, Sir?

Man. Stand ſtill, I charge you — And do you fetch us an eaſy Chair, Miſtreſs. — [*To* Lucy.

Lucy,

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Lucy. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Man. Stay, I muſt limit your Bounds; there, Sir, you muſt not for your Life croſs this Circle.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Sir, I ſhall obſerve you.

Enter Lucy *with a Chair.*

Lucy. Here, Sir.

Man. Very well; Pray, Madam, be pleas'd to ſit down.

Lau. Sit down! why is Dinner coming?——— Ho, cry a Mercy! you are a Barber; hold, hold, you ſhall ſhave my Corporal firſt, to try your Razor.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, oh Lord! what ſhall I ſay to her?

Man. Keep your Place, Sir—No, no, Sir, I am a Shoe-maker, and if I fit your Foot, and pleaſe you, I deſire your Honour wou'd let me have the Buſineſs of your Regiment.

Lau. With all my heart.

Man. Then pray ſit down, Sir, that I may take meaſure. [*She ſits down.*] Now for you, Sir, you muſt kneel right before her—cloſer—cloſer yet; there, look full in her Eyes----- Claſp both her hands in yours.

[Manage *pulls a Book out of his Pocket, and looks on't.*

Lau. *Give me liberty and love.*

Give me love and liberty. (*Sings.*

Faith. My charming Angel! Oh let me kneel here for ever, for ever gaze on thoſe dear Eyes; how I have languiſh'd for thee, Heaven only knows.

Lau. And what I have born for thee, Hell cannot match; Oh, if *Manage* fail in his Plot, I'm undone for ever.

Faith. Fear not, my Love, he is lucky at Contrivance.

Sir *Dav.* What are they doing?

Man. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs me, what are thoſe the Names of the Spirits?

Man. Philoſe en paſias, gloſſais, kai en to panti poto, kai en to panti topo----- Now do you be well, Madam; and do you ſeem to be mad, Sir, quick, quick----

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Sir

Sir *Dav.* Why what a many Devils there are! certainly she has a Legion in her.

Lau. Where am I, *Lucy*? methinks I wake from some untoward Dream.

Lucy She recovers, Sir. How do you, Madam?

Sir *Dav.* I'm glad on't, How dost thou do, *Laura*?

Lau. Pretty well.

Man. Death, Sir, keep your place, or you'll spoil all.

Faith. Ha! my Brain-pan splits----- I'm all a flame, my Blood boils o'er, give me Room, I'll scale the Region of the Air, and pull the Winds down headlong on us all.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, he's stark mad; what shall we do with him now?

Man. We shall do well enough with him; but keep your Place, for he's very desperate.

Lau. Defend me Heaven, what ails the Gentleman?

Lucy. He'll kill us; the Man's bewitch'd.

Man. Here, here, Ladies, stand in this Circle, and don't cross it for your Lives. [*Sets 'em in a Circle.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh pray Sir, read again-------

Faith. What's here, old *Belzebub!* No, 'tis his Squib and Cracker; I'll set fire to it and blow it up------ Ho, lo, where are you Scoundrels, Dogs, Rogues, Cooks, the Devil wants his Dinner, and you must spit this Swine. Hell dines on Hog's Flesh To-day.

(*Draws his Sword.*

Man. Undone, undone; the Spirit grows too strong for my Art! fly, fly, Sir, for Life------

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, save me, save me.

[*Runs in and slaps the Door.*

Man. Now, now, make your Escape; he has slap'd the Door after him----- Quick, quick------

Faith. My Life, my Soul!

Lau. My Angel, my All. [*Embraces.*

Man. Oh the Devil! Don't stand Lifeing and Dearing now, but make haste to Mr. *Trusty*'s, I'll bring the Parson after you.

Lucy. Ay, good Madam, be quick.

Lau. Any where, good *Manage*.

Faith.

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Faith. Fly *Manage*, and bring *Lovely* with thee too, to be Witneſs of my good Fortune, this Hour makes thee mine for ever:

Now in thy Arms immortal Joys I'll taſte,
And quite forget our anxious Sorrows paſt.

Lu. *Now Heav'n be prais'd, we've Liberty at laſt.*

[*Exeunt.*

Sir David *above.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, I'm Robb'd, Raviſh'd, Dead and Buried-----My Cloſet is broke open, and all my Writings gone; Mr. *Conjurer*, Mr. *Conjurer*, can you help me to the Thief? Ha! no body to be ſeen! Bleſs me----*Lucy* -------*Laura*, why *Laura?* Ah Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves. [*Cries out till he comes down.*

Enter Sir David.

Here, where are all my ſervants? (*Enter Servants.*) Run ſome one way, ſome another; make enquiry thro' the whole Town for Mrs. *Laura*; ſhe is carry'd away by two Rogues or Devils, I know not which, run, run------

Ser. Why if the Devil has carry'd her away, Sir, where can we run?

Sir *Dav.* To Hell, ye Dog, do you ſtand to prate?---

[*Beats him.*

Serv. Marry look her there your ſelf and you will.---

[*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh that I ſhou'd believe theſe Conjuring, Soldiering Raſcals; but I'll find 'em, if they are above ground; and if they are mortal, I'll hang 'em, that's my Comfort. [*Exit.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *The Street before Mr.* Truſty's *Door*; Roger *comes out of the Houſe with a Pitchfork on his Shoulder and a Lanthorn in his Hand.*

Rog. IT will be very dark e're I get home-------Od, I'm main merry, Maſter *Truſty* keeps rare nap-

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py

py Ale, and *Dick* the Butler is an honeſt Fellow; Lord, Sirs, how bravely theſe Gentlefolk live——Methinks I like it hugely; and I'm perſuaded, I was deſign'd for a Gentleman, but was ſpoil'd in the making; nay, nay, I was made well enough too, that's the truth on 't; but 'tis that damn'd Jade *Fortune* that has ſpoil'd me; for an I had an Eſtate now, I know how to live like a Gentleman——I cou'd ſcorn the Poor, and ſcrew up my Tenants, and wou'd ſooner give Ten Pound to a Wench than Two-pence for Charity; I cou'd quickly turn——My Cart into a Coach, and my Man *Plod* into a Coachman——I cou'd hurry into the Tradeſmen's Books——Wear fine Clothes, and never pay for them —— Lie with their Wives, and make my Footmen beat their Huſbands, when they come to aſk me for Money. Get drunk with Lords, and break the Watchmen's Heads——ſcour the Streets, and ſleep in a Bawdy-houſe——ſell my Lands and pay no Debts——Get a Charge of Baſtards for the Pariſh to maintain——Then by the help of a Commiſſion, tranſport my ſelf out of their reach.

Enter Sir Jeffrey Conſtant, *in riding Habit.*

Sir *Jeff.* Do you here, Friend?

Rog. Mayhap I do——And mayhap I do not; What then, Sir?

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, the Matter's not great —— Do you live at that Houſe?

Rog. I did a little while ago——When I was in the Cellar.

Sir *Jeff.* A comical Fellow. Then you don't ſerve Mr. *Truſty?*

Rog. No, Sir, I ſerve his Maſter, tho' as moſt Farmers do their Landlords.

Sir *Jeff.* I underſtand you: You rent one of the Knight's Farms?

Rog. Ay and a plaguy dear one too.——

Sir *Jeff.* Say you ſo! That's a pity; I'll ſpeak a good Word for thee——Is Mr. *Truſty* at home?

Rog. I thank you heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home. [*Runs to the Door and knocks.* Truſty *opens the Door and ſhrieks out, and throws it to again.*] Wookes, what's the matter now?

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* Was not that Mr. *Truſty?*

Rog. Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

Clin. Within] Oh undone, undone; [Clinch *peeps out as affrighted.*] here's my old Maſter.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that?

Rog. Nay, I heard a Noiſe, but can't tell what they ſaid—But an you pleaſe to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the Back-way.

Sir *Jeff.* The Back-way——What can be the meaning of this? Why ſhou'd he ſtart at ſight of me? There muſt be ſomething more in it than I can fathom; and yet I think he's an honeſt Man. I never found any thing to the contrary. Prithee, Friend, knock again.

[Roger *knocks, then liſtens.*

Rog. They are all aſleep, Sir—For I cannot ſo much as hear a Mouſe ſtir——

Sir *Jeff.* Aſleep! That's impoſſible——But come, Friend, ſhew me the Back-door you ſpoke of——

Rog. Ay, Sir: But upon ſecond Thoughts,—I muſt be a little wary too. Are not you ſome Rogue, that comes to rob the Houſe with half a dozen Piſtols about you? For look ye, I'm an honeſt Man, and won't be drawn in for a Halter.

Sir *Jeff.* You Raſcal, do I look like a Thief?

Rog. Nay, nay, as for Looks——That's no matter, de ye ſee—I have known many a Rogue with as good a Countenance——No Diſparagement to your's, I promiſe you. So that I ſhall not ſtir one ſtep without you'll ſtand ſearch.

Sir *Jeff.* I ſhall break your Head, Sirrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

Rog. And what muſt I be doing in the mean time, ——Ha! old Gentleman? Break my Head, quotha!—You are miſtaken——We don't uſe to take broken Heads in our Country, mun——Ha, ha, I won't ſhew you the Back-door now, and how will you help your ſelf?——

Sir *Jeff.* I know all the Doors of this Houſe as well as you——And can ſhew my ſelf in—— [*Going.*

Rog. Can you ſo—but I will watch you—I wonder who this old Fellow is.

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Sir

Sir *Jeff.* Sure some madneſs has ſeiz'd the Family; for certainly I'm not chang'd —— Without diſpute, *Truſty* knows me; but I'll find the Cauſe preſently. [*Exit.*

Rog. And ſo will I——. [*Exit.*

Enter out of the Houſe Captain Conſtant, Lovely *and* Clinch.

Clin. So, Sir, here's Muſick to your Wedding, with a Witneſs. What do you intend to do now? —— Do you think it poſſible to perſuade your Father too, that he died of an Apoplexy.

Lov. I fear, *Clinch*, that's beyond the Art of thy Impudence to do.——

Clin. Nay, this Plot was none of my Impudence's contriving, that's my Comfort——I'm but a Servant; my Maſter told me, he was in Mourning for his Father ——And faith I reſolve not to believe the Father to the contrary: Such an entire Deference have I for all your Commands, Sir.

Conſt. Why thou can'ſt not ſure have the Confidence to ſtand it out to his Face.

Clin. Never fear me, Sir——You don't know what I can do——What ſay you, Sir? ſhall we perſuade the old Gentleman into a Ghoſt; or will you own your Fault, and refund the Money?

Conſt. Neither, *Clinch*——I have more Duty, than to attempt the one; and more Neceſſity, than to ſubmit to the other.——

Clin. Nay, if you be ſo divided —— What do you propoſe?

Conſt. I know not what to do——I'm glad the Ceremony was over, before he came.

Lov. And the Money ſent away —— What think you of my Houſe, till the Heat of the Diſcovery be over? 'Tis my Opinion your Preſence won't be proper——I warrant Sir *David* will be in purſuit of Mrs. *Laura* preſently too——But we have ſeen her fairly marry'd; ſo that *Faithful* is out of Danger; we'll leave him here——

Conſt. Shall I not take *Belinda* with us? I fear as much for her, as for my ſelf——

Clin.

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Clin. So there's no-body fears for me, I find—— [*Aside.*] I am like to have my Part truly.

Lov. No, truſt to her Management—ſhe turn'd the Act upon her Father, you know, and made him impoſe her own Choice upon her. Let *Clinch* ſtay and uſe his own Diſcretion—If he can banter Sir *Jeffrey*, and ſave his Bones, let him: But be ſure to give us notice of all that paſſes.

Clin. What if my Bones are broke?——I thank you heartily for your Love, Sir.

Conſt. No, no, *Clinch*; take heed you keep out of the Reach of his Cane.

Clin. Or he'll make me feel he's Fleſh and Blood.—— Hark, I hear him coming, Good-bye to you, Sir—— [*Runs in.*

Lov. 'Tis time for us to fly—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I'm glad my Lady's marry'd; for if this old Spark had come three Hours ſooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd Two to Ten of the Match—— I can't imagine where the Bridegroom's gone—— Nor what he will do, when my Maſter comes to have a right Underſtanding; but I reſolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes.

Enter Truſty.

Oh, Sir, I am frighted out of my Wits; I went to ſerve my Lady's *Italian* Greyhound, and I found a great ſwinging Dog, as large as an Ox, with two great Eyes, as big as Buſhels; and before I could call out,—— Whip it was vaniſh'd——

Truſty. Mercy upon us——'Twas certainly Sir *Jeffrey*—— *Clinch.* [*Enter* Clinch.

Clin. Sir, did you call——

Truſty. Did not you ſay your old Maſter appear'd in the Shape of a Dog?

Clin. Ay, Sir, ſeveral times.

Dolly. In a huge great Dog?

Truſty. As big as an Ox.

Clin. Ay, Sir, as big as an Elephant.

Dolly. Ah! then it was certainly him I ſaw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the Houſe be haunted, I muſt leave it. I cannot

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I cannot live in't, if I might have a thousand Pounds; and may be he'll appear to no body but me — I am sure I never did him any harm; 'tis true I did not love him, because he was something stingey — He never gave me a Farthing in his Life —

Trust. Nay, for that matter, I have got many a fair Pound by him, and yet he appear'd to me to Day.

Clin. Indeed, Sir! In what Shape, pray?

Dolly. Like an Ox, or an Elephant?

Trust. No, in his own Shape; but I wish I may never see him more, for I was horribly scar'd.

Clin. What, had he a cloven Foot, Sir, did you mind?

Trust. Nay, for my part — I know not whether he had any Feet or no, ——— Ha! bless me, defend me ——protect me —— avoid, Satan — [*Retreating all this while.*] I never wrong'd that Form, which thou hast ta'en; so tell him — And for my Money, I have accounted for that, and all things are rectify'd — [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jeffrey, *amaz'd.*

Dolly. Oh! shield me ye Stars, [*Runs in.*

Clin. O Legs! save me, save me. [*Runs in.*

Enter Roger.

Sir *Jeff.* What! Am I become a Monster? Do I affright all I come near? What can be the Reason of this? The Doors are all barricaded; and when I knock, none will answer——Prithee, Friend, ask somebody the Cause of these Disorders?

Rog. No! Sir, I'll not budge a Foot; for I don't know what to say to you. The Family were all well, and in their right Senses, when I left them; and now upon Sight of you, they are all distracted, I think—— I wish you be'n't a Conjurer, or heark ye, Sir——— Is not your Name *Emmes*——rais'd by the *French* Prophets to life again?

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil: This Fellow will make me mad. This must be some Stratagem to abuse me; and this Rogue is in their Interest. Why don't you go about your Business, Sirrah? What do you hanker after me for?

Rog.

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Rog. Nay——an you go to that, what do you lounge about this Houſe for?——Oh! *Dolly*, are you there; here's an old Gentleman is quite out of Patience.

Dolly. Trembling above.] Oh, oh, oh, oh.——

Rog. Hey day! What have you got the Palſy?

Sir *Jeff.* What ails you to tremble ſo, Sweetheart? Is Mr. *Truſty* within?

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, o, o, o, o, *Roger*—Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care——Don't yo, yo, you come near him—Nor let him to, to, to, touch you, even with his little Finger——

Sir *Jeff.* Bleſs me! what ails the Wench?

Rog. No, why what's the Matter? He has not the Plague about him, has he? Or is he a ſpy from the King of *France*—Od an he be, I'll maul him——

Dolly. Oh, oh,—'tis a, a, Ghoſt.

Rog. The Devil it is—[*Takes his Pitchfork off his Shoulder, and holds it at Sir* Jeffrey.

Sir *Jeff.* A Ghoſt, where?——Who——What's a Ghoſt? Death, what means ſhe?

Rog. Od's fleſh, my Hair ſtands an end. Look ye—Keep off Mr. *Belzebub*, or—or——

Sir *Jeff.* Look ye, Sweetheart, what Frenzy has poſſeſs'd you, I know not—But if you take me for a Ghoſt—You are deceived. Therefore look well at me—Do I not appear like fleſh and blood?

Dolly. Ay, bo, bo, bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, are not ſo, Sir,

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, will they perſuade me out of my Life? See, Friend,—Do I walk like a ſpirit? Do the dead move, and talk as I do?

Rog. When I am dead,—if you aſk me, I'll reſolve you, if I can.

Sir *Jeff.* Why! Feel me, feel me.

Rog. Feel the Devil——Mercy upon me——Keep off, I ſay—Will ye——Or I'll ſtick your Ghoſtſhip thro' the Guts——

Sir *Jeff.* What ſhall I do?——Nay, prithee, Friend.

Rog. Friend me no Friends—Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil, when I know 'tis the Devil. Indeed when

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when you are got into a Lawyer, or a handsome Woman, one may be trapan'd.

Sir *Jeff.* Why will you be so positive? Has any body impos'd upon you?——Pray who told you I was dead.

Dolly. Those that knew very well, Sir.

Enter Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the sight of you any longer——Now let *Clinch* take his Part.

Sir *Jeff.* Go to be Hang'd——Hell and Furies!——Ha, what do I see——My son's Man! Sirrah, what makes you here?——

Clin. Mercy upon me——

Sir *Jeff.* What do you stare at, Rascal, ha?

Clin. But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I shou'd swear you are alive——

Sir *Jeff.* You believe I am dead, Rogue,——How dare you believe such an impudent Lye? Where's the Rake your Master? I find now who has rais'd this Report Sirrah, what's your Business here?

Clin. To wait on my Master, Sir——

Sir *Jeff.* To wait on your Master——And where is your Master, pray?

Clin. Nay, for my part, Sir, I am not qualify'd enough to answer a spirit——There's Mr *Anthem*, the Afternoon Lecturer, within he has just married Mr. *Faithful* to a great Heiress which he brought in just now——*Roger* here may step and call him out a little.

Reg. With all my heart——If there be any thing that troubles his mind I'll go this Minute——

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah——I'll qualify you for an Hospital——I will ye Dog—— [*Runs after him.*

Clin. Oh, oh, oh.

Reg. Well run, *Clinch*; Well run Ghost!——Ad 'tis a plaguy malicious spirit tho'.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh, [*Runs in.*

Reg. I'll venture to speak to it once more——In the Name of Goodness——What is it that disturbs your Rest? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honest Man, I'll do you Justice as far as Twenty Pounds a Year Free-Land, and all the Crops of my Farm Goes——For I perceive you

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you was my Landlord, whilſt you was Living; and tho' your ſon ſeems to be a very honeſt Gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a Landlord——Then pray ſpeak, can I ſerve you?

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis in vain to be angry——I muſt ſeem to comply with this Fellow——Yes, Friend 'tis in thy power to ſerve me; if thou can'ſt procure me the ſight of Mr. *Truſty*, 'tis with him my Buſineſs is.

Rog. I'll do my beſt endeavours, Sir——but keep your diſtance------[*He goes a little way then turns back*] But heark ye, Sir, ſuppoſe he won't come out, can't I tell him your mind?

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, I muſt ſpeak with him myſelf——Death!——

Rog. Good lack——What, perhaps——your Soul won't reſt elſe----

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven give me Patience.

Rog. [*Going turns back.*] But after you have ſpoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this Houſe no more? that's the Queſtion, look ye.

Sir *Jeff.* A Pox of thy impertinent Interrogations; no——

Rog. That's enough!—but hold, muſt he come out, or ſpeak to you through the Window?

Sir *Jeff.* Any way, ſo I do but ſpeak to him——Oh, oh!——

Rog. Very well, very well. [*Going.*] But heark ye, Sir Ghoſt——you'll be here—or Mr. *Truſty* will be woundy angry with me.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh Patience, Patience! or I ſhall burſt. [*Aſide.*] Ay, ay, I'll not ſtir.

Rog. Well I'll take your word. [*Going.*] Hold, hold, one thing more and I ha' done—Pray tell me the Nature of a Ghoſt——do you troubled ſpirits fly in the Air or ſwim in the Water, pray?

Sir *Jeff.* Oh! the Devil——

Rog. Mercy upon us! what, are you the Devil, ſay you? Oh Heaven help you! Well then, are you ſure he will ſee you? for every body can't ſee a Ghoſt, they ſay, eſpecially if the Devil be in't.

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Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, I tell you, he'll see me as plain as you see me.

Rog. Nay, nay, that's plain enough——Well, I'll knock, but, but, but don't you come an Inch nearer me, I charge you. [*Knocks.*

Sir *Jeff.* wou'd I had been a hundred Miles off, when I first saw thee. What has my graceless son been doing?

Dolly. Who's there? [*Speaks within.*

Rog. 'Tis I, *Dolly*, prithee tell Master *Trusty* that he must speak to this Ghost, or there's nothing to be done——

Dolly. I doubt he will not be persuaded to it.

Rog. Why, let him speak to it through the Window, or from the top of the House——so he does but speak to it; but in short it must be spoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded sullen spirit, and will tell its mind to no body else—He smells cursedly of Brimstone—Look ye, if Master will come out, it shan't hurt him—for I'll keep it off with my Fork, so tell him *Dolly.*

Dolly. I'll inform him.

Trusty opens the Window.

Rog. So I have done it, you see——Here's Master *Trusty.* [*Going towards the Window.*

Sir *Jeff.* I thank you.

Tru. I am not able to stand, if it comes near me—Why are you thus disturb'd Sir *Jeffrey?*——I assure you, your son has done every thing very justly.

Sir *Jeff.* Why are you thus impos'd upon, Mr. *Trusty*, to believe I am dead?—My son quotha!—Oh that I had never got that son—— [*Weeps.*

Tru. I know not what to think; sure 'tis no Ghost.

Rog. Well this thing is the likest Flesh and Blood that ever I saw——

Sir *Jeff.* Pray do you but touch me, Mr. *Trusty*,——'tis very odd, you will not be persuaded to touch me.

[*Puts out his Hand towards the Window.*

Rog. Take heed, Mr. *Trusty.*

Tru. Why shou'd I fear I never wrong'd him——I'll venture; but first—— [*Holds up his Hand as if he pray'd*] now—ha! 'tis a real Hand,——He's living; Sir, I am convinc'd.

Rog.

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Reg. Say you ſo—why then if you are alive, the Fright's over, and I am glad on't with all my heart.

Tru. I aſk your pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd—groſly abus'd; Sir *Jeffrey* your Son came down in Mourning, and aſſured me you was dead.

Sir *Jeff.* I'll make him mourn for ſomething, I warrant you.

Tru. Ah! that he does already, Sir, for I have paid him all the Rents in my Hands.

Sir *Jeff.* Have you ſo?—'Tis the laſt Rents he ſhall ever take for any Land of mine—I'll diſinherit him this Day.

Tru. Oh! undone, undone for ever———Oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps.*

Reg. Here's ſmall mirth towards, as far as I can find. I'll e'en take t'other Horn of Ale, and t'other Buſs of *Dolly.* [*Exit into the Houſe.*

(Clinch *liſtening.*)

Sir *Jeff.* What has the Rogue's Extravagance coſt me? But if he ſtarves for the future, I care not; he never ſhall get a Groat from me.

Clin. Nay, then we may all go for Soldiers. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeff.* Where is he?

Tru. Oh, oh, oh! I know not; but wherever he is— I am wretched; he has made me miſerable, I'm ſure. Oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Jeff.* No, Mr. *Truſty*; though you have us'd me dirtily, in making me the Jeſt of your Family; for you might have diſcover'd the Impoſture with leſs precaution; yet I'll not take that Advantage which the Laws allow. You have ſerv'd me long, and I believe you honeſt. I'll diſcharge you from what you have paid my undutiful Child—Let him take what he has got, and make the beſt on't.

Clin. That's ſomething however. (*Aſide.*

Tru. You are generous, Sir *Jeffrey*, even beyond my hopes: But Oh! there is yet a greater Offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the Money—Alas! my Daughter—

Sir *Jeff.* What of her?

Truſt. Is married to your Son; oh, oh, oh!

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Sir *Jeff.* Then he is compleatly wretched—A Wife, and no Eſtate; ha, ha, ha; I'm glad on't with all my heart.

Clin. There's a kind Father now— I muſt give my Maſter Notice of his good Fortune. [*Exit.*

Truſt. Oh! ſay not ſo, Sir; be not glad of my Child's Ruin; had I known you liv'd, the Match had never been.

Sir *Jeff.* Go; you are not the Man I took you for — you are but a Knave. You ought to have been as juſt to my Heir, as to myſelf— What, was your Blood fit to be popt into My Eſtate? Ha! or have you been really a Steward, and cheated me out of a Fortune for your Daughter?

Truſt. Sir, what I am Maſter of, I got fairly under you, part, and part under my Lord *Belville* in *Ireland*, whom I ſerv'd twenty Years in the ſame Poſt I do you; when he died, he truſted me with a Secret, which yet I have divulg'd to no Man; and when I do, the World will ſay I am an honeſt Man. Love firſt join'd their Hearts, and my Ignorance their Hands; uſe me as you pleaſe, but pardon them.

Enter Lovely, *&c.*

Lov. I muſt become an Interceſſor in that too, Sir *Jeffrey*; Love is the great Cementer of the Marriage-ſtate; it reconciles all Differences—it bends the Stubborn and it tames the bold, it wins the Haughty, ſoftens the Savage, and reclaims the Libertine; then will you caſt off your Son for a Vertue you ought rather to prize him for?

Sir *Jeff.* That Love can never be a Virtue, Mr. *Lovely*, that teaches a Child to trick his Parents.

Lov. Stratagems ever were allow'd in Love and War; Sir, you muſt forgive him.

Enter Captain Conſtant, Belinda *and* Maria.

Mar. And I muſt ſecond Mr. *Lovely*, Sir; the Captain has married a virtuous Woman, and I believe you'll confeſs a handſome one too.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, I have nothing to ſay againſt her Virtue, nor her Beauty neither; ſhe's a pretty Woman, that's the truth on't; if ſhe had married any body's Son

but

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but mine, I ſhould have wiſh'd her Joy with all my heart —Oh thou graceleſs Wretch, get out of my ſight.

Conſt. Kneeling.] I confeſs, Sir, I am unworthy of your Mercy, but throw myſelf wholly upon your Good-Nature and fatherly Affection, with this Reſolution, never to attempt aught againſt your Pleaſure more.

Sir *Jeff.* No, Sir, nothing you can do for the future, ſhall either pleaſe, or diſpleaſe me; mark that.

Bel. Give us but your Bleſſing, Sir, and we ſhall never quarrel with Fortune for her Favours: Love ſhall ſupply that Defect; my chief Concern ſhall be to ſhew my Duty, and by my Care to pleaſe you, prove the entire Affection I have for your Son; and that way make up the inequality of my Birth and Fortune.

Sir *Jeff.* You ſhall never make up any thing with me, I promiſe you, Madam, whilſt he is your Father —Death, marry my Slave?

Truſt. The Name of Slave belongs not to us free-born People, Sir *Jeffrey*; but were I your Slave, ſhe is not; for ſince the Truth muſt out, ſhe is no Child of mine, but Daughter to my Lord *Belville*; which I have brought up ever ſince ſhe was three Days old; her Mother dying in her Labour, and her Marriage being private, becauſe ſhe was much below my Lord's Quality; and he at that time under the Tuition of a Father: He never made it publick, but put her into my Hands to breed up as my own. When he came to his Eſtate, he purchas'd a thouſand Pounds a Year, and ſettled it on her; which I have manag'd ever ſince, and now will deliver it up to Captain *Conſtant*. This I had told in the Infancy of their Loves; but that I ſaw your Son was not well with you, and did not then think him a Match good enough for her; but ſince he has over-reach'd me, I hope you'll prove a Father.

Sir *Jeff.* Is it poſſible! Od, Madam, I wiſh you Joy with all my Soul, Faith I do; and if this is matter of Fact, you ſhall find me a Father: *Jack*, you ſhall go to *Flanders* no more.

Lov. Dear *Conſtant*, I congratulate thy good Fortune—

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Mar. And I your's, Madam, since I no more must call you Cousin.

Bel. Still let me hold that Name; for since I never knew my Father, I shall acknowledge this good Man as such.

Mar. Sir *Jeffrey*, I was positive you wou'd not repent.

Sir *Jeff.* You that are so positive in these Matters; why don't you and Mr. *Lovely* strike up a Bargain? he has follow'd you a considerable time.

Lov. That Question is a-propos, Sir *Jeffrey*. What can you say, Madam? must I dangle after you two or three Years longer? Faith, I wish I hold out.

Trust. Give him thy Hand, Girl; I'll engage to reconcile thy Father; or give thee a Portion myself.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, what Objections can he make against Mr. *Lovely*?

Trust. Only Principles: Her Father's a violent Tory, and this honest Gentleman's a Whig, that's all.

Sir *Jeff.* Ha, ha, a strong Reason, faith.

Trust. I'll bring him over, I warrant thee, Girl.

Mar. Upon that Condition, there's my Hand.

Lov. And here's my Heart. [*Embrace.*

Sir *Jeff.* Why, that's well said— we only want the Man in black now.

Enter Faithful *and* Laura, Lucy *and* Manage.

Faith. We have just done with ours; he is within still.

Trust. Dear Mr. *Faithful*, I wish thee Joy with all my heart, and you, Madam.

Om. We all do the same.

Faith. I thank you all, and heartily return the same to each of you; I wou'd have the whole Race of Mankind bless'd now I am so.

Lau. There cannot be a Joy beyond what I am possess'd of.

Bel. I hope, Madam, we shall be better acquainted for the future.

Lau. I shall be very ambitious of the Honour.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* Ho! have I found you, Villians, I charge you all in the Queen's Name, to assist me in securing this Couple.

Tru.

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Tru. Why faith, Sir *David* they are secure enough, for they are lawfully link'd in the Chains of Matrimony, I'm Witness.

Sir *Dav.* Marry'd! the Devil they are.

Mar. Yes, Sir, I'll swear to it, if Occasion be.

Lucy. So will I too, Sir *David.*

Lau. And with my own Consent, I assure you — You may barricade your Windows now, Sir *David,* I shall run mad no more; Ha, ha, ha!

Faith. I shall trouble your House no more, Sir, I am dispossess'd, Sir *David,* you need not run from me now; ha, ha, ha!

Con. And he will know his Inn for the future, ha, ha, ha!

Faith. And am perfectly recovered of my Wound, Sir; and shall have no occasion to borrow your Coach again; without you'll do me the favour to let it carry my Wife to *London.*

Sir *Dav.* Carry her to Hell — Here's a shuffling cutting Rascal in all his Tropes and Figures; Zounds, how I am trick'd! But you have robb'd me, Mistress.

Lau. Of nothing but my Writings, Sir, mark that.

Sir *Dav.* The Law shall tell you that; and so, may the itch of Variety seize you, and the Curse of Cuckoldom fall on him, Arrests and Poverty on you all. [*Exit.*

Tru. Ha, ha, ha! now *Lovely,* for the Parson.

Enter 'Squire Num *and* Slouch.

Num. Hold! I forbid the Banes; you shan't have her mun, for all you are so cock-sure.

Sir *Jeff.* What Banes do you forbid, Friend?

Num. Why Mr. *Trusty*'s Daughter's Banes.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Alas! 'Squire, you come too late; she that was Mr. *Trusty*'s Daughter, is marry'd; and I am just going to't.

Num. That was! what do you mean?

Lov. Why I mean that Mrs. *Belinda,* that has snapt your Heart, 'Squire, proves to be a Lord's Daughter, and not Mr. *Trusty*'s, as you believ'd; and now is Captain *Constant*'s Wife, here.

Num.

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Num. A Lord's Daughter! Nounds, I'm glad I'm rid of her — Captain, I wish you much Joy with all my Heart ——— Od, I'll engage she shakes your Commission for you; ha, ha.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. Why, what Luck have I had, *Slouch*! Mercy on us; what a Ruin had I brought upon all our Country Gentlemen innocently? For she wou'd have corrupted all their Wives; the Devil a one wou'd have made her own Butter, after being acquainted with her.

Bel. Oh! you mistake, 'Squire, I am an excellent Housewife; ha, ha, ha!

Num. Yes, yes, some in our Country know by woful Experience, what Housewives you Quality make; Nounds, 'twou'd undo the High-Sheriff of the County to find you in clean Cards; then your plaguy Outlandish Liquors, your Coffee and Tea, sucks up the Cream of a whole Dairy, and your Suppers and Dinners for your Gossips wou'd confound all the Eggs and Pullen; and the Money you game away, wou'd ruin a Lord of a Manor. No, no, no Quality Breed for us Country Gentlemen 'egad, that wou'd be worse than double Taxes; ha, ha.

Con. Ha, ha, Well then, Squire, I have done you a piece of service; I hope all Animosities are forgot.

Num. They are i'faith, Sir; and if you'll give me leave, I'll be heartily merry with you.

Tru. You shall be heartily welcome, 'Squire; I sent for the Musick — Heark I hear them tuning their Instruments.

Num. Musick! 'Egad, if they can play my Tune, I'll give you a Jig.

Tru. Come, let's in then, and begin. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The In-side of the House and discovers them dancing.*

Enter Roger *and* Dolly.

Rog. Save you all — Master and Landlord that was and Master and Landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over, with all my Soul — I hope you'll not forget your Promise

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Promiſe tho' to your poor Tenant *Roger*——which was to ſpeak to Maſter——no, no, ſpeak to your ſelf now, Sir ——my Farm is woundy dear.

Tru. You are wondrous merry, *Roger*.

Rog. So is every body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the Parſon; are they not, Mrs. *Belinda?* I hope I ſhall have your Conſent; for I have got *Dolly* in the mind at laſt.

Bel. I wiſh you Joy with all my heart, *Roger*.

Con. I'm glad to ſee you follow your Lady's Example, Mrs. *Dorothy*.

Dolly. She ſet too good a Pattern, not to imitate, Sir.

Con. Here remains three to be provided for yet; which is *Clinch*, *Lucy*, and *Manage*.

Lucy. The beſt Proviſion I deſire, is to wait on my Lady ſtill, Sir.

Man. And I on my Maſter; who knows but time may chop up a Wedding between you and I, Child? (*To* Lucy.

Faith. Your Deſires are granted; what ſays *Clinch?*

Clin. I had a kind of a Tender for *Dolly*; but ſince ſhe's diſpos'd of, I'll ſtand as I do.

Con. Then we are all agreed.

Sir *Jeff.* Well, honeſt *Roger*, if thou'lt give us a Dance to your Song now, I'll be as good as my word, and make thy Farm eaſy in the Rent for the next Year.

Rog. Say you ſo? I thank you heartily, Maſter, I'll do my beſt, I can't ſing like your *Londoners*---- But 'tis a new Ballad; and 'twas made at *London*, by a very honeſt Country Gentleman, laſt Seſſions of Parliament. Hum, hum. (*Sings.*

Slouch. Ads blead, you ſing, Sir; and the 'Squire by, that's more than any Man in *Somerſetſhire* will venture to do; Maſter, Ods Wounds, hold your own Maſter.

A SONG, *by the* Author, *and ſung by Mr.* Dogget.

Wou'd you chuſe a Wife for a happy Life,
Leave the Court, and the Country take;
Where Dolly *and* Sue, *young* Molly *and* Prue,
Follow Roger *and* John, *whilſt the Harveſt goes on,*
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave

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Leave the London *Dames, be it ſpoke to their Shame,*
To lig in their Beds till Noon;
Then get up and ſtretch, then paint too and patch,
Some Widgeon to catch, then look on their Watch,
And wonder they roſe up ſo ſoon.
Then Coffee and Tea, both Green and Bohea,
Is ſerv'd to their Tables in Plate;
Where their Tattles do run, as ſwift as the Sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone,
By their gaming, and ſitting up late.
The Laſs give me here, tho' brown as my Beer,
That knows how to govern her Houſe;
That can milk her Cow, or farrow her Sow;
Make Butter, or Cheeſe, or gather green Peaſe,
And values fine Clothes not a Louſe.
This, this is the Girl, worth Rubies and Pearl;
This the Wife that will make a Man rich:
We Gentlemen need no Quality Breed,
To ſquander away, what Taxes would pay,
In truth we care for none ſuch.

Conſt. Now I am happy ----
Belinda *mine, and you my faults forgive;*
'Tis from this moment I begin to live.
Love ſprung the Mine, and made the Breach in Duty,
No Cannon-Ball can execute like Beauty.
But I'll no more in ſearch of Pleaſures rove,
Since ev'ry Bleſſing is compriz'd in Love. (*Exeunt.*

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EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Written by Mr. *Cibber.*

A Porter delivers a Letter just as she is going to speak.

WHAT's this? a Billet-Doux? from Hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the Town:
But since the poor Man's Passion's so agog,
I'll read it out by way of Epilogue.

Reads, Madam,
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in Statu Quo*,
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For with one thrust of *Cupid*'s dart,
You've whip'd your slave quite thro' the heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit and gallery,
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can find me out.

Poor Soul! He seems indeed in dismal Plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper Flight;
No, no—that's plain—for—None of them can Write:
Nor can I think it from the Middle sell;
For I'm afraid—as few of them can Spell:
Beside, their Haggling Passions never gain,
Beyond the Passage-walking Nymphs of Drury-Lane:
And then the Pit's more stock'd with Rakes and Rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining Lovers.
The Backs o' th' Boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With Souls, whose Passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your Sparks,
The Wretch distinguish'd, by these bloody Marks.

But

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EPILOGUE.

But since the Town has heard your kind Commands, Sir,
The Town shall e'en be Witness of my Answer.
First then, Beware you prove no Spark in Red,
With empty Purse, and Regimental Head;
That thinks no Woman can refuse t'engage in't,
While Love's advanc'd with offer'd Bills on Agent;
That swears he'll settle from his Joy's commencing,
And make the Babe, the Day he's Born, an Ensign.
Nor cou'd I bear a Gild Beau, that steals
From fasting Spouse her Matrimonial Meals;
That Modish sends next Morn to her Apartment,
A Civil bow-d'ye—far alas! from th' Heart meant:
Then Powder'd for th' ensuing Day's Delights,
Bows thro' his Croud of Dons, and drives to White's.
Nor cou'd I like the Wretch, that all Night plays,
And only takes his Rest on Winning Days;
That sets up from a lucky Hit, his Rattler,
Then's trac'd from his Orig'nal—in the Tattler.
To tell you all that are my fixt Aversion,
Wou'd tire the Tongue of Malice, or Aspersion.
But if I find 'mongst All one generous Heart,
That Deaf to Stories takes this Stage's Part;
That thinks that Purse deserves to keep the Plays,
Whose Fortune's bound for the Support of Opera's;
That thinks our Constitution here is justly fixt,
And now no more with Lawyers Brawls perplext;
He, I declare, shall my whole Heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 JY 34

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